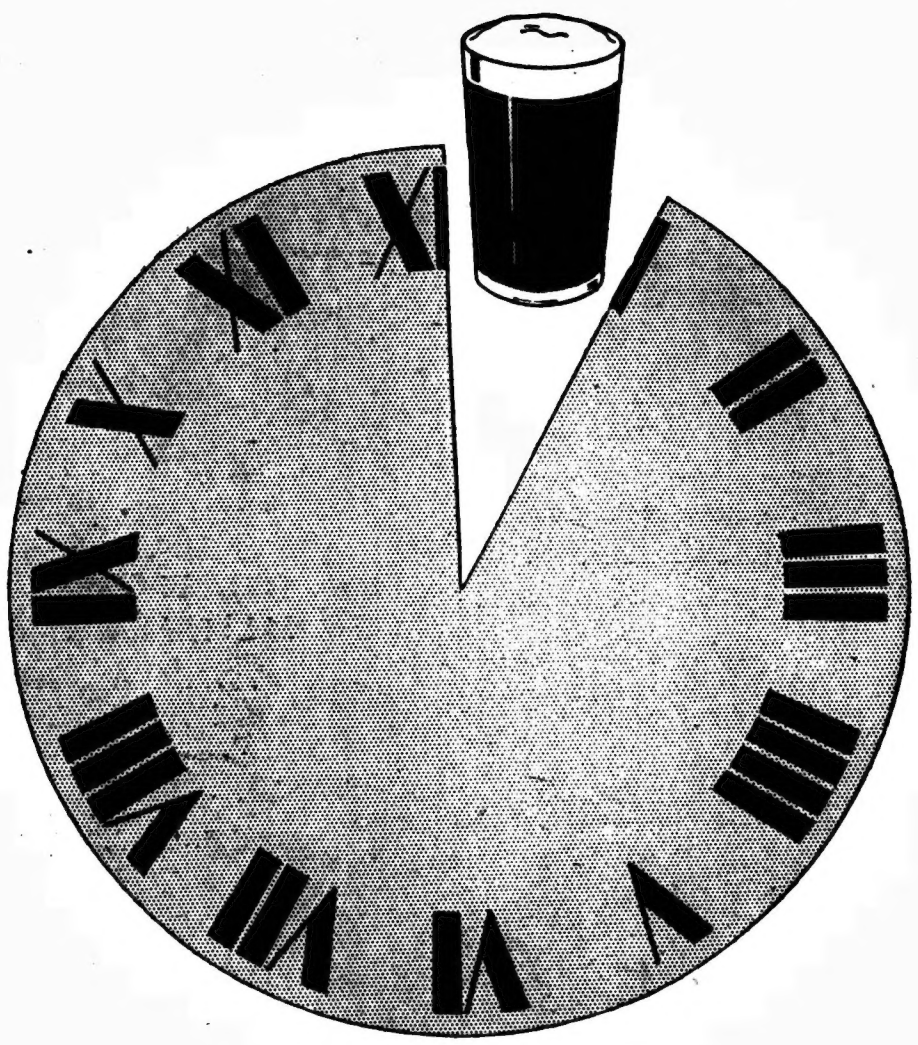
TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIX.
1563.

THIRTY GRAFT TOWNS (SEE PAGES 20 & 21)

JOHN BULL



In the nick of Time

Guinness for Lunch

G.E.579.B.

Awakened to TRAGEDY

HE wanted to be up early in the morning so he asked his father to call him.

About 2.30 a.m. Mr. Elijah Bloor roused his son as requested and then proceeded downstairs. Suddenly he tripped and fell. His son, hearing the fall, raced downstairs, to find his father unconscious.

A doctor was hastily summoned and Mr. Bloor was removed to hospital, where despite every effort to save him he died from his injuries.

That in brief is the tragic fate that befell Mr. Elijah Bloor, of 7, Orchard-place, Longton, Staffs.

As the late Mr. Bloor was a registered reader of JOHN BULL a cheque for £50, the benefit provided by JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift for fatal home accidents, was promptly sent.

In addition to providing generous Benefits for accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, Loss by Burglary and Children's Accidents "John Bull" is the ONLY paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest, and the ONLY paper to pay Benefits for Sickness.

£697 10s. 10d. PAID TO REGISTERED READERS LAST WEEK.

During the past week alone JOHN BULL has distributed no less than £697 10s. 10d. to registered readers as follows:—

Home and Sickness Benefits	**£290 10 10**
Accident Benefits—Adults	**£174 0 0**
Accident Benefits—Children	**£223 0 0**
	£697 10 10

Not only for your own sake but for the sake of your dependents fill up the forms below for "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift TO-DAY.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 30/5/36.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent in ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 30/5/36.

MAGIC CARDS

Face Values can be Read from the BACKS!
OUR LATEST "MOCKER" PACK — JUST OUT
5/- post free

The backs tell the secret of every card!
While these cards apparently are the same as any ordinary pack of playing cards, the backs are marked by a wonderful system of secret markings that defy detection.
With these cards any person without practice can easily perform many mysterious tricks—equal to professional conjurers—the cards do the tricks for you. The secret is in the backs of the cards—secret markings.
THEY ALMOST TALK TO YOU.
It is possible to tell every card from the back.
Both the suits and numbers are indicated.
Full illustrated instructions are enclosed with each pack. post 6d.
ELLISDON & SON (Dept. J.B.), 280, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

THAMES UTILITY

CARAGES 4/6 DOWN

STEEL BRACED CORNERS!
STEEL TIED ROOFS!
MORTISED AND TENONED JOINTS!

Send now for FREE CATALOGUE No. 15, Hundreds of Sizes and Designs.
Prompt Free Delivery or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

REDUCED SALE PRICES

Weatherboard Garages from	£3 : 15 : 0
Asbestos Garages from	£4 : 10 : 0
Garden Sheds from	£1 : 9 : 0

THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS, 7 West Street, Erith, Kent. (Propr.: Thames Steam Saw Mills Ltd.) (Estd. 40 years.) 'Phone: Erith 2072-3.

Cardinal Polish makes RED TILES like NEW

Quickly restores the colour and brilliance. Use it also for your red composition floors and front steps. You will be delighted with the pleasing finish that Cardinal gives.

Large Tins, 6d. and 1/-
Of all dealers.
Made by Makers of Stanton Polish.
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For Better Gardening

SHARPEN Your MOWER YOURSELF

Real Carborundum—the world's best sharpener—instantly puts an amazingly sharp cutting edge on ANY MAKE of Mower, no matter how old or blunt. Will last for years. Saves over double its cost first time used. No skill required—a few rubs and job's done. Also sharpens Garden Shears, Tools, etc. Price only 1/9 (post 3d.) in box, with easy directions.

PENN'S FLEXIBLE SPRING LAWN RAKE Keeps your lawn and flower beds tidy.

Its twelve spreading flexible teeth, like a giant's hand, pick out every leaf, twig and bits of litter from lawns, paths and borders. Also its gentle action is more beneficial to the turf. Fitted with adjusting bar to open or close spread of teeth as desired. Made of specially tempered coppered steel. Will last a lifetime. Complete with handle 2/6, carriage 6d. extra. Obtainable only direct.

QUICK CUTTING GRASS SCYTHE

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners around trees, rockeries. Keen razor blade cutting edge fitted in Non-Rust holder, this British Made implement is a real garden treasure. Price complete with handle and sheath to protect blade 2/6, carriage 6d. Send P.O. 3/- NOW.

The above three articles 7s. carriage paid.
Wm. PENN (Dept. J.B.), 623, HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.19.

THORNS BARGAINS

Sent on first Payment. Thorn's Buildings are made in accurately fitting sections with "Strongess" steel-braced corners, easy to bolt together. All wood planed smooth, ornamental gables, roofing felt. On fullest approval at Bargain prices.

Send NOW for FREE Catalogue No. 46.G.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS.

Long	Wide	High	Cash.	Down	Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	43/-	3/6	3/11
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	56/-	3/6	5/1
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	61/-	4/-	5/6
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	73/6	4/6	6/6
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	88/-	4/6	8/-

Floors Extra. Many other Sizes.

Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.

Pent Roof Sheds 22/-
Greenhouses 55/-
Garages 83/6

J. THORN & SONS, LTD. BOX 46.G, BRAMPTON ROAD, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT. Telephone: Bexleyheath 205

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

CYCLES FROM 57/6 CASH OR TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1936 Models at lower prices and terms than Agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

BABY CLOTHES 30/-

DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT MAKING BABY-CLOTHES—IT DOES NOT PAY—SEE MY REPUTED COMPLETE LAYETTE.

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes. 76 DELIGHTFUL GARMENTS (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Turf Napkins Squares, Coveralls, etc. Another Purchaser writes:—"I think your layette is worthy of all the recommendation it gets. It is certainly the best bargain I ever had. Beautiful quality and perfectly made garments."

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This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

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is convincing all nations that it is the best appliance for the relief of Deafness. Quite safe, non-electrical, almost invisible. No batteries, wires or any other attachments. Used by Barristers and Doctors. Write, 'phone or call for Booklet.

Telephone: Regent 5630
Consultations Free—9 till 6.

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30 DAYS' TRIAL Ask about this offer NOW and give the Vibraphone every chance of SUCCESS

TIMBER BUILDINGS

List Free

Bungalows	£15
Entertainment Halls ..	£28
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Motor Houses	£5
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Shop & Store..	£20
Shelters	£5
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LIST FREE — CASH OR EASY TERMS

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(Dept. J.B.),
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This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/-, we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS, Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Regular Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 1 Carpet 2 Rugs and 2 Doormats for 30/-, Carr. paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

9/-

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

WHAT SHOULD YOU PAY

for the usual **45/- to 50/-** SUIT

OUR PRICE TELLS YOU

We can make you a perfectly cut Lounge Suit in latest style, S. or D. breasted, from Yorkshire Tweeds or fine Worsteds. 100 patterns to choose from. 50 years' reputation for sterling value. Write now for free patterns, self-measure chart and latest fashions.

19/6

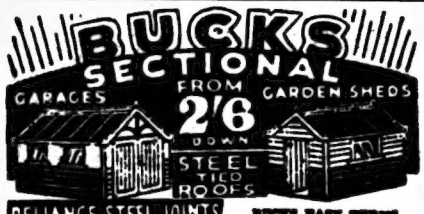
ALL BRITISH SUITS TO MEASURE.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

Send no money. Write now.

H. THOMAS & CO., Dept. J.B.5, 14, Pilgrim Bridge, CROYDON

BUCKS SECTIONAL GARAGES AND GARDEN SHEDS



RELIANCE STEEL JOINTS

Specially Selected Materials together with High Class Workmanship have made our name. Select your building from the numerous designs in Bucks Catalogue J.13, it's FREE.

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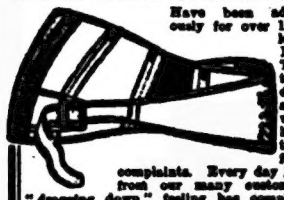
	Cash	Dep.	Bal.
GARDEN	5/-	2/6	2/6
SHEDS	24/6	2/6	2/-
GARAGES	70/-	5/-	2/6

Immediate delivery on first payment. Free Lorry Service or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

BUCKS PORTABLE BUILDINGS, Electric Works (Dept. J.13), Erith Road, Erith, Kent.

EASILY ERECTED—JUST BOLT TOGETHER

OUR ABDOMINAL BELTS



Have been advertised continuously for over 10 years in all the leading National Newspapers, etc. This must prove to you the wonderful quality, fit and satisfaction we are giving. We have given relief to thousands of sufferers of abdominal complaints. Every day letters are received from our many customers stating their "dragging down" feeling has completely vanished. Write now for full price list and self-measurement form post free. Special quotations for outsizes. The belt illustrated above is:—

10/- for sizes 26 ins. to 34 ins. Post 6d. **12/6** for sizes 36 ins. to 42 ins. Post 6d.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

Obtainable only direct from:—

THE LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. B44), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

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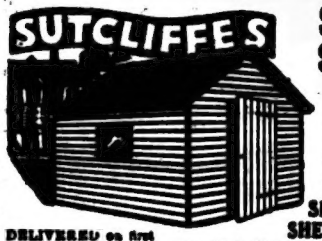

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Design S.S. SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

Long	Wide	High	Cash	12 payments
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7ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	2 15 0	5/-
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	3 10 0	6/6
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	4 15 0	8/10

Send for Free CATALOGUE, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Coal Bunkers, Aviaries, etc. All Carriage Paid.

F. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 92, Wood Top, Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms: 46-52, Oxford St., W.1.

5/- DOWN BALANCE MONTHLY

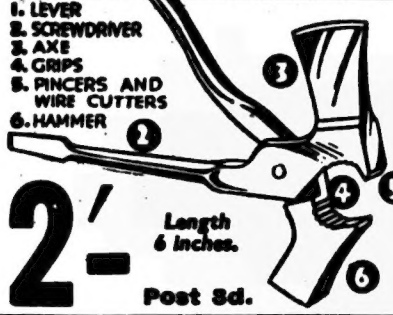
SECURES A PAIR OF **RILEY'S** FAMOUS **BOWLS**

120 PAIRS FREE

WRITE FOR LIST TO

E. J. RILEY, LTD. DALE WORKS ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 58, 147, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.

NEW 6 in 1 HANDY TOOL



2/- Post 8d.

SIX HANDY TOOLS IN ONE

JUST WHAT YOU WANT

Indispensable in every household, factory and workshop. No hunting for different tools: they are all together. It's far easier and quicker to do little repair jobs when you have *all* the tools you need at hand.

Handy for motorists, cyclists and handy-men. Can be slipped into pocket or haversack and will occupy very little space. You could not carry separately all the tools which this combination gives you.

YOU SAVE MONEY! For less than you might pay for one ordinary tool you get the six most used tools combined. Not a toy, but a strong, well-made steel tool. Shape of handle makes it specially easy to grip.

Dept. J.B., ELLISDON & SON, 248, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

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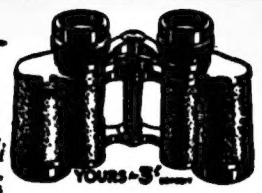
BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS MAKERS



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Zeiss, Deraisme, Recombier, Chatelain, Lumiere, Secompte, etc. All available on the easiest of easy terms. At all Sporting Events, Horse Races, Yacht Races, Cruises, Seaside and Country visits you will obtain far greater enjoyment and keener enthusiasm if you are carrying these wonderful Binoculars. Do not be content with distant vision. Get a real "close up" and enjoy every possibility of a "Front row" seat. **Send only 3/- deposit** and 6d. for postage for immediate delivery on **Free approval** of these exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by "Lumiere Paris." 8x Magnification, extra wide view, independent eyepiece adjustment with wheel focus, bending bar, damp and dust proof. Really wonderful definition, name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English leather case with neck lanyard and slings. If fully approved, balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid, or Cash within 7 days, 75/- only. Don't forget to write for Fully Illustrated list of Field and Prism Glasses by all the finest makers. **Sent post free.**

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You're sure to enjoy this friendly, sociable hobby. The big illustrated catalogue is all you need, and your friends will thank you when they see that they can buy all their needs direct from the Warehouse at savings of 5/- to 10/- in the £. Don't be left out; do now what thousands of happy folk are doing—organise a "Worldwide" Club. You've no selling to do, no samples to carry or capital to lay out. Your name and address, please!

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Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M. .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

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(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.)

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ELLISDON BLADES are the Best in the World.

The finest 2-holes blade you can buy irrespective of price. Made from best quality British Sheffield steel, oil tempered to stay sharp.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

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Trade enquiries invited.

12 Superfine double-edged BLADES for **6d.**

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stop it!

A former addict writes: *'Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years.'*

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK! Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. New discovery. Scores of voluntary testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

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The BROADCASTER DE LUXE MOUTH ORGAN

Buy the Broadcaster, "the Mouth Organ with the Golden Tone."

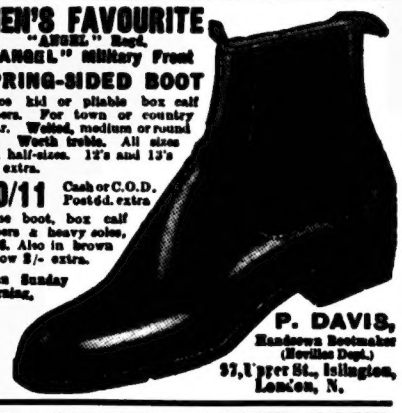
Vamper, 20 reeds, 1/8. Tremolo, 28 reeds, 1/8. 32, 40 and 48 reeds—2/-, 2/6 and 3/-. 64, 80 and 96 reeds (double sided), 5/6, 4/- and 5/-. Curved Tremolo, 28 and 32 reeds, 2/- and 2/6. Broadcaster Chromatic, 5/-.

Individually tuned and tested, beautifully designed and decorated and packed in hinged box.

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

MEN'S FAVOURITE

"ANGEL" Regd. "ANGEL" Military Front SPRING-SIDED BOOT



Glace kid or pliable box calf uppers. For town or country wear. Welted, medium or round toe. Worth treble. All sizes and half-sizes. 12's and 13's no extra.

10/11 Cash or C.O.D. Posted extra

Same boot, box calf uppers a heavy soles, 12/6. Also in brown willow 2/- extra.

Open Sunday morning.

P. DAVIS, Handsewn Bootmaker (Hovilles Dept.) 97, Upper St., Islington, London, N.

RHINO-SOLE

SYNTHETIC PLASTIC LEATHER

6P and 1/6 per TUBE

Boot repairing with Rhino-Sole is simplicity itself, a plastic compound easily spread on with a knife: it can be moulded to any desired shape or thickness, and hardens ready for wear in a few hours. "Rhino-Sole" repairs rubber and leather equal to new. Also invaluable for uskide, crepe, gum boots, TENNIS SHOES, etc. Obtainable from all leading Ironmongers, Leather Stores, etc., WOOLWORTHS, Timothy White's and W. H. Smith & Son's branches. If any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. for 1/10 for mammoth size tube, post free, to:

Rhino-Sole, Ltd., 132T, Western Rd., Mitcham, Surrey.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. T. Robey & Co. CYCLE WAREHOUSE, No. 24, COVENTRY

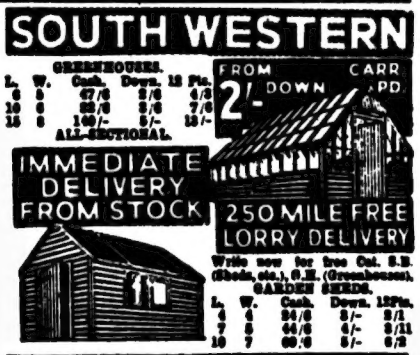
SOUTH WESTERN

GREENHOUSES.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
6	5	47/6	5/6	4/6
10	6	82/6	5/6	7/6
15	8	160/-	5/-	13/-

ALL-SECTIONAL.

FROM 2/- DOWN CARR PD



Write now for free Cat. S.B. (Sheds, etc.), S.H. (Greenhouses).

GARDEN SHEDS.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12Pts.
6	4	24/6	5/-	2/1
7	5	44/6	5/-	3/11
10	7	69/6	5/-	6/2

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. 1929 L. Dept. J., Hugon Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines)

SCRAP YOUR OIL LAMP!

This Dynamo Set yours for 1/- down

No more messy oil, wick, matches. This wonderful complete Set makes the Bike produce its own Electric Light. Powerful, penetrating, inexhaustible. Splits the darkness as if with a knife and throws a marvellous beam like an automobile. What cyclists have dreamed of for years! Handsome Head Lamp, with brilliant reflector, Dynamo, and a real Rear Lamp (chromium plated), all fittings, leads, &c. Sent for 1/- down, then 1/- weekly until 16/- is paid, or 15/- cash with order. Any Set not perfect changed at once if not interfered with. You'll never know Cycling comfort until you have one of these Sets. To-day's the day—send now.

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10 FOR 4D

Better flavour — Better filled

ALSO IN *New* "RIGID" PACKET *at* 5 *for* 2D

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Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 30, 1936. Twopence.
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

CONSCRIPTION?—NO!

Conscription?—The War and Defence Ministers shout "Perhaps," though Baldwin says "No"... The nation will see that he means it

Ministers who must find shoulders to carry the fine new guns they are buying.

The War Ministers tell us that the only way to maintain peace is to copy the system of the conscript countries. But we have noticed little passion for peace and conciliation on the part of those countries.

And the war clouds which loom up over other countries, born out of their great conscript armies, is a very muddled argument for conscription in this country. It is the Cabinet's job to keep us *out* of war. Frankly, we ask, will conscription do that?

We agree it is undesirable that the British Army should be below 1914 strength, as it is to-day, and that there is cause for concern in the continued drop in recruiting (12,000 fewer applications in 1935 than in 1934).

★
☆ ☆

But the cure for that drop is not to conscript men into the Army, but to make Army conditions, both as regards pay and future prospects, more attractive.

It is a fact not generally mentioned that *there is no lack of recruits for the R.A.F., nor in the "tradesmen's" branches of the Services where the pay and prospects are definitely better.*

We suggest to Sir Thomas Inskip that there is some significance in that fact which is, so to speak, right under his nose.

And let him look at the other "voluntary" countries—America and the Scandinavian nations. Their standing armies are up to defence strength, and they can get all the recruits they require because they give their soldiers better pay than Tommy Atkins gets and a chance to make a living when they leave the Army.

We learn that one of the latest War Office devices to assist recruiting is to harangue football crowds by loudspeaker about the advantages of the soldier's life.

They forget that thousands of the crowds who listen to those speeches have passed ex-soldiers selling matches outside the ground, or "busking" to the theatre pay-box queues for a living.

★
☆ ☆

And there are plenty of ex-soldiers among the crowds who have "had some," and are only too ready to tell the possible young recruit about the other side of Army life.

There is the solution for Mr. Duff Cooper's and Sir Thomas Inskip's problems about recruiting.

Make the Army worth-while, give the Tommy better pay and a better status!

See to it that his life as a citizen does not end when he has done his "seven and five"!

Let them do their "quiet thinking" in that direction.

They'd better; for as far as conscription is concerned the voice of the nation shouts "NO!"

WHAT'S behind all this Conscription talk? Whose voice in the Government are we to believe? *Who's fooling who?*

We ask that because on April 1 (significant date!) Prime Minister Baldwin gave a definite assurance to the House of Commons that *no conscription Measures would be introduced into this country "so long as peace prevails."*

If that is so, we must also bluntly ask: Why is it that leading Ministers, and other advisers of the Premier, speak with a different and more ominous voice?

The War Minister, the Defence Minister, the late Chief of Staff and others have taken it upon themselves to qualify the Prime Minister's assurance during these past few weeks. They have seized every opportunity to do so, both inside and outside the House.

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First, we find Mr. Duff Cooper bemoaning our *voluntary* basis of recruiting. "We alone among the Great Powers continue to maintain our defence system on this basis. It is a very serious problem. The dangers of the world grow greater every day. The difficulties are increasing."

That speech was made only seven days after Mr. Baldwin gave us his "no conscription" assurance.

A little later, we find Sir Thomas Inskip, Minister of Defence, saying: "If you do not resort to conscription for providing the nation with the forces necessary to defend it and carry out its responsibilities—there will have to be some other ways of providing the forces which may be necessary.

"I wish," added Sir Thomas, "that people would do just a little quiet thinking about this question."

But that's the job of Sir Thomas and his colleagues. That is what they are in the Cabinet for—to do the "quiet thinking."

Lord Milne, late Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who might be expected to know the Cabinet's mind on the military service question, said recently: "I think it is probable that in the future some form of general service will have to be introduced, if the present shortage of men in the Services continues."

Lord Hailsham, the Lord Chancellor, is another who has been throwing out hints, giving tongue in the same insinuating, threatening vein. "Alone among the great nations of the world we depend upon a citizen army. Elsewhere conscription compels military service. We *must* have trained men."

Mr. Baldwin, having said his say, remains silent.

His Ministers, however, go on talking, and the implication of their remarks is strangely at variance with his.

It is a disquieting situation. For, unless the country looks out, we may awake one morning to discover conscription "wished on us" by

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Cars that Should Never Be On the Road!

"IT shouldn't be on the road!" That remark, often heard, is true of thousands of motor cars on the highways of Britain. It is equally certain that they contribute in no small measure to traffic's holocaust of deaths and injuries.

The astonishing thing is that there is nothing to prevent anyone from imperilling his own life, and the lives of others, in the most ramshackle of "old crocks."

The remedy, of course, is obvious. Unfortunately it does not seem to have occurred to the inventive minds of the Ministry of Transport experts.

Careful owners

We need hardly say that we do not by any means regard all second-hand cars as "old crocks."

Indeed, most of those sold as second-hand have been admirably cared for by their owners and can be relied upon to give further years of safe service.

But not all, unfortunately. Some are potential death-traps.

Another victim

A single case—quite an ordinary one—serves to show how readily the real "old crock" leads to disaster.

The other day an inquest was held on a Birmingham labourer who was killed while cycling. The car which collided with him after a skid on a wet road, the driver declared, went completely out of control when the brakes were applied.

Further evidence disclosed that the footbrake did not spring back automatically, the windscreen had to be wiped by hand, and incidentally the car was not covered by third party insurance.

"A type of car which should not have been on the road at all," the coroner remarked, "and neither the driver nor the owner should have permitted it."

They look all right!

No one will dispute the justness of that censure. But, in fairness to motorists as a whole, it must be said that many owners have no reason to suspect their cars of highly dangerous defects.

That is why they should take special care to see that when they buy a second-hand car, sold as "in perfect running order," it is all it looks to be. Otherwise they may get an unpleasant shock.

Broken in half

One such shock was recently experienced by a Middlesex woman, who bought a second-hand car which showed no obvious defect. She was driving at a reasonable speed when the vehicle literally came to pieces. Examination showed that the body had been held on to the chassis by a single bolt!

Only luck saved her—and others—from a grave accident.

Roadworthy licences

The remedy is simple. Every car sale should be accompanied by a roadworthy licence, guaranteeing the vehicle to be in proper condition.

The authorities rightly stipulate that every aeroplane must be licensed as airworthy. No ship may put to sea without expert inspection. No 'bus or taxi may appear on the road unless it is guaranteed to be in good order.

Yet the millions of private cars are exempt from so necessary a precaution!

Job for him

So Mr. Hore-Belisha, who has just told us that road accidents are becoming less serious, needn't look very far to find a new way to reduce them still more.

It will be idle for him to remind us that the police have power to prosecute a motorist for driving with ineffective brakes. The police have no reason to examine a car's brakes until it has been involved in a serious accident, and faulty brakes are not the only mechanical fault that may lead to disaster.

He must introduce the roadworthy licence and thus sweep the dangerous "old crocks" off the roads!

Surrender

A General Election can't come too soon if the Government goes on as it has done in the past week. First it surrenders to the diehard coalowners on the matter of compulsory mines amalgamations, then it surrenders to the Church on the tithes question—and both take place behind Parliament's back!

If vested interests are going to be allowed to dictate their own terms, we might as well shut up Westminster and cease calling ourselves democratic.

Dangerous marriages

Registrars of marriages are wise to warn girls of the need for caution before marrying foreigners.

Too many cases have come to light recently in which the bridegroom has afterwards been found to have a wife in another country.

And social organisations are telling girls to be very careful about marrying Indian students. When they get to India they sometimes find themselves condemned to a life of ostracism.

Full of woe

Always trust Neville Chamberlain to freeze your blood. So no surprise, then, at his hint of crushing taxation for years to come—at his gloomy prophecy that trade activity will lessen, revenue fall. What then—higher income-tax? more indirect taxes?

Since we are already the most heavily taxed nation in the world (we pay half as much again as does even an American), we presume the Chancellor will prefer the bad old method of cutting the social services to bits.

But we don't think the Government will get away with that so easily as it did in 1931.

Hooligans at large

The wrecking of the Peace Council's anti-war exhibition in Hampstead, and the pouring of red paint into a swimming pool managed by a Jew—these are merely the latest of many recent acts of political hooliganism.

Action has often been promised against the hooligans, but we are sick of waiting for it.

And we can't stifle the suspicion that action would have been taken long ago if a different type of hooligan had been involved.

Neville—Our Prophet of Woe

Shaming the Bad Employer

The bonfire Mr. Belisha should order.

Worth more

It is only fair that midwives employed under the Government's new Bill will receive salaries of £4 a week or more. But why is nothing being done to increase the low salaries to district nurses?

These women work much harder than the council midwives will have to, yet many get £2 10s. a week or even less.

For day and night work, where the lives of mothers and babies are concerned, that is disgracefully stingy.

A pity

What will the public get in return for the new £22,500,000 subsidy to air transport concerns?

Certainly no share in the control of those companies, says the Government sternly.

A pity! Even if no subsidy were given, we should continue to advocate that air transport should be placed under national administration, and we are glad our view is shared by the Labour Party.

And, though the subsidy has been granted for the term of fifteen years, we have hopes of seeing our demands granted long before the end of that strangely protracted period.

Sharks' harvest

The unlicensed moneylender is on the rampage again, callously exploiting the needy.

In the South Wales industrial areas alone thousands of people are in the clutches of these sharks. According to the mayor of Flint, poor folk are paying five shillings and more in the pound as interest on a loan for a few days!

An intensive police drive is obviously needed against those who batten on distress.

New decision

A serious issue for many workers has come to light by a compensation case.

If they travel to work in their employers' conveyance and meet with an accident on the way they have no redress—such is the decision of Judge Beazley at Ilford County Court.

Since so many men are taken to a job in the firm's lorry it is an important point—and one which should be covered in the new Workmen's Compensation Bill which we are promised.

Unfair

A real grievance is that of Tote paying-out clerks at dog-racing tracks, who, should they be tricked by a forged ticket or other means of fraud, have to refund from their own pockets the amount they have mistakenly paid out.

Considering their responsibilities and the speed at which they have to work, this is decidedly unfair.

Special methods, with police co-operation, should be adopted to cope with the race-track rogues.

Shaming them

We wish other public bodies would imitate the latest London County Council move.

It has drawn up a black list of contractors who pay their men less than trade union rates, and no firm on this list will get a contract from the council in future.

Ninety-nine drinks

Drunken motor drivers are in the news again.

One, who is said to have boasted of having had "ninety-nine drinks," has been fined £25 and disqualified from driving for ten years. Another London man has been fined £100 and disqualified for two years.

We prefer the first sort of penalty. Ten years' respite from a drunken driver is a better consolation to other road-users than money in the police court till.

Justice grows old

Six magistrates sat on the Swindon County Bench last week. Their ages were eighty-eight, eighty-five, eighty-two, seventy-two, seventy-two, and seventy, respectively.

But since other Benches are adorned by doddering centenarians, Swindon will have to wait a long time before it can be considered exceptional.

Still free

Of importance to everyone is the Court of Appeal's verdict against a priest who sued a Hereford newspaper, alleging that he had been libelled by a statement in a report of a public meeting.

"It must obviously be for the public benefit," says Lord Justice Slesser, "that discussions, arguments and criticisms, whereby popular government is carried on, should be brought to the attention of electors and citizens."

Yes, muzzle the Press and you are well on the road to dictatorship.

Banning the birch

It is gratifying to see at least one authority heeding the warnings so often given by crime experts (and JOHN BULL).

Belfast Guardians want the birch abolished in Northern Ireland, holding that rather than being a deterrent to child offenders it degrades and leads to further crime.

Good for Belfast!

School complaints

We hope the day never dawns when complaints from a Chesterfield school become general.

Though the parents of some of the scholars are unemployed, the youngsters are expected to provide their own ingredients for the cookery classes. Those who fail to do so, it is said, are compelled to scrub floors.

The burden of poverty is ghastly enough to sensitive youngsters without any attempt to scrub it in?

Going round and round

Gilbert and Sullivan might have learned something at Barnsley, where the butchers have decided that owing to the car parking charges they can't afford to visit the cattle market.

The mayor talks of calling a boycott of the butchers' shops of the town.

Then, no doubt, the butchers will see no reason for paying rates, and so it will go round and around. But in any case the poor ratepayer will have to stump up.

In "John Bull's" 30th Birthday Number NEXT WEEK—

How Near are We to War?

The full truth about the war makers and the factors that are bringing about a repetition of 1914

Order your copy of next Thursday's "John Bull" at once!

JOHN DRINKWATER'S Intimate Diary ..... The King this Week

HIS Human TOUCH

AS I watched the King reviewing the Royal Horse Guards in Hyde Park, one circumstance struck me even more than the parade and splendour of the scene, which on a lovely May morning were certainly impressive enough.

It was a detail that in the general ceremony of the occasion might easily escape public notice, but it was a very significant one.

Whatever our political opinions may be, there is no finer show anywhere to be seen than the review of a crack regiment in fine weather and beautiful surroundings. And this was a very fine show.

The long line of two hundred guardsmen in their spectacular uniforms, buckskins and plumes and flashing plate, all on black horses with the exception of the white-mounted colour-bearer at the centre, was a grand sight. Nobody could dispute that.

But there is one body of men for whom these occasions are a good deal more than a show. I mean the soldiers themselves.

The individual preparation made by every man in that line for the inspection was an exacting and anxious business. And as the inspection was to be made by the King himself, the anxiety was greatly intensified. It was very much what rowing men call a "needle" affair.

More often than not the exalted personage who reviews troops, even the most exalted, passes along the line, asking questions of the officer conducting him, making observations of a general character, and, with nothing but good intentions, completely ignoring nineteen out of twenty of the individual soldiers who have keyed themselves up to the moment of inspection.

It is difficult to describe the acute sense of disappointment, almost of failure, that results.

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THE King in Hyde Park on this May morning was having none of it. That is what most struck me about the proceedings.

He looked every man in the face, and I venture to say that when he had reached the end of the line there was not one in the two hundred who did not feel that he had, for a brief but never-to-be-forgotten moment, been in personal contact with his King. That is an inspiring note.

I was speaking about this afterwards to a famous General, and he told me that in a long experience he had hardly ever known anyone who, reviewing troops, could establish this personal touch with the men as easily and surely as the King is doing at the inspections of which he has already conducted several since his accession. The tonic effect is remarkable.

Inspecting the Coldstream Guards and the Scots Guards at Aldershot a few days ago, the King asked to see the married quarters.

"I heard a knock on my door," said the wife of a sergeant-major.

"I opened it, and there was the King. He smiled and shook hands with me, and asked if he could come in. The King inspected our quarters, and said how pleased he was with everything he had seen." Throughout which interlude a small daughter aged two stood solemnly at attention.

And if anyone should think that this amounts to but a trifle, let me remind him of the poet who wrote—

Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.

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I AM glad to see that the unfortunate trumpeter who was thrown during the march past in Hyde Park has been exonerated. It clearly was no fault of his, as the King, an experienced horseman, was the first to see.

Incidentally, it is likely that when the period of Court mourning is over, His Majesty will be seen again riding in the Row, where at one time King George was a familiar figure in the early mornings.

The King is already supervising the removal of some of his own horses from Windsor to the mews at Buckingham Palace.

King Edward is attached to the Army by more than the ties of his position. His solicitude for war veterans, as for the unemployed, is passionate, and it is deepened by his own recollections of the war, which broke out when he was twenty.

His attempts to persuade Lord Kitchener to let him serve in the ordinary way with his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, failed, his plea that the succession was otherwise provided for notwithstanding.

"He looked every man in the face . . . there was not one who did not feel he had been in personal contact with his King"

But he got out to France, and was constantly taking risks in defiance of counsel.

If the King should decide to attend the dedication of the great Vimy Ridge memorial, upon which the Canadian sculptor Walter Allward has been engaged for over twelve years, he would be revisiting the scene of more than one such uncovenanted exploit. "In those four years," he told the City of London after the war, "I found my manhood."

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BUT, devoted Army man as he is, the King is no militarist. Lord Allenby, almost on the eve of his death the other day, spoke to the Edinburgh students as their rector in words that exactly reflected the King's mind.

Great soldier as he was, Allenby hated war. The King as Prince of Wales more than once declared in public that all his influence would be exerted in the cause of peace in the world. And, in his own words, he is "the same man still."

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IT was a foregone conclusion that the King would visit the Chelsea Flower Show. A spare hour in the working days of the week had to be found for that if for nothing else.

The King has an invaluable capacity for relaxing on these occasions. On parade with his troops he carries himself as though he lived in barracks. At the Flower Show, wearing a boater straw-hat and smoking his cigarette, observing that it was rather a warm day for the job, and that the dry spell was trying "for us amateur gardeners," he seemed not to have an official care in the world.

He discussed rhododendrons, of which he is an enthusiastic cultivator, explained that he had lost a display of cacti by inadvertently leaving a window open one night, climbed a rockery, and ordered plans to be submitted for a new rock-garden at Fort Belvedere. A thoroughly happy hour in fact.

I hope that the proposal to wear buttonholes on the King's birthday will be carried out. It would be a charming thing for the nation to "say it with flowers."

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APPARENTLY the King's plans for a cruising holiday at Whitsuntide have been dropped. In fact, unlike King George, he would rather be in the royal gardens than in the royal yacht, which, I must say, seems to me to be an entirely natural preference.

The *Victoria and Albert* will have to wait in her berth at Portsmouth for later use. Her turn may come if the King should decide on a Mediterranean holiday in the summer.

In the meantime, King George's famous yacht *Britannia*, built over forty years ago for his father, is being dismantled by the King's order after a great racing career. Plans are being made to give the hull honourable burial at sea. It will be a fitting end, sparing a classic ship the indignity of being broken up.

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AGAIN the King has been investigating world conditions on his own account. Sir Isaac Isaacs, on his return from the Governorship of Australia, was, like Lord Willingdon, received at the Palace, and after the formal interview stayed on to give the King, in private conversation, valuable information not covered by official reports.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, too, Leader of the London County Council, just back from a lecture tour in the United States, was given an "audience."

The possibility of a royal visit to Canada after the Coronation is being discussed, and in such an event Washington may not be outside the King's itinerary.

Here, again, in his talk with Mr. Morrison the King took occasion to enlarge his wide personal knowledge of current events abroad. In fact, in things that really are at the heart of contemporary life, the King's office at Buckingham Palace, with its constant succession of callers from all parts of the world, is becoming the best intelligence bureau in Europe.

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I AM no hand at the intricacies of commerce, but if the report is correct that German and Japanese factories are already working overtime to flood this country with cheap coronation medals next year, I am sure that strong measures should be taken about it, and at once.

A little ingenuity somewhere could contrive that what will be a very substantial profit shall be deflected to our own unemployed. It is not hazarding an impertinent guess to say that any such step would meet with the King's cordial approval.

If we allow this supremely national occasion to be exploited by foreign sweated labour at the expense of our own people it will be national disgrace.

The Thrill of a Lifetime!..

JOHN BULL'S PAIR on the 'Queen

Just in time to meet Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Ellis leaving their home at York for Southampton to board the "Queen Mary" for her maiden trip—part of the prize they won in a "John Bull" "Bullets" contest

WHEN the *Queen Mary*, greatest masterpiece of shipbuilding the world has ever known, sailed on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic, she carried a young married couple who, as the guests of JOHN BULL, are to enjoy the thrill of a lifetime which millionaires have scrambled for in vain.

All their busy lives they have hoped that a kindly fate would give them the time and money to visit America one day. The question of luxury wouldn't bother them a bit if only they could have just a fleeting glimpse at the New World.

But as to taking part in the most historic trans-Atlantic journey of their generation, with the whole world watching the matchless progress of their proud ship and envying both them and their fellow-passengers their part in such a venture—even in their wildest day-dreams they never hoped for anything half as wonderful as that.

Happy faces

Yet that is what the winning of a first prize in JOHN BULL'S Bullets Competition has meant to Mr. H. F. Ellis, of York—this unforgettable *Queen Mary* experience both for himself and his wife, and, in addition, a fortune of £2,000 to make their lives more happy and secure on their return.

No wonder, then, that the happiest faces beaming down from the vast decks of the mighty *Queen Mary* as she left Southampton were those of a grocer's manager and his wife, who found their wildest dreams not only realised but surpassed.

They thought they had a good idea of what the monster liner would look like on their railway journey from York in the "Flying Scotsman."

"Bigger than York Minster, I bet," said Mr. Ellis, using the biggest thing in his native town for the purposes of his comparison.

Then, at Southampton, what a surprise they had when their taxicab swung round the end of a shed to reveal the world's biggest and fastest ship in all its size and beauty.

Mr. Ellis whistled with astonishment—a whistle that expressed greater incredulity than any words could do. Then he was spellbound into silence for a full minute.

"It's just three times more immense than I ever thought a ship could be," he managed to say at last. "And as to its beauty—well, the words to describe it haven't yet been coined."

And as for his wife—"You can hardly believe that men's hands could make a thing so big or their brains think out anything so lovely," she said simply, when she had recovered from her first surprise.

They walked towards the liner's stern, reflecting with every ten paces they took that the Mistress of the Seas looked more and more wonderful as more and more of her hull was revealed. ("Look now!" exclaimed Mr. Ellis once, excitedly. "It's like a beautiful poem. That's the effect it has on me.")

And then they walked up the gangway into an entrance hall that stunned them with its magnificence—a man who had never been in a ship before, in fact who has never seen anything bigger than a paddle-boat, and the wife whose only sea journey was when she was so young that she had almost forgotten it.

New surprises

Eight lifts rose and fell, their attendants appearing and reappearing like Jack-in-the-boxes.

"Hullo, hullo," came a voice from one of the telephone boxes, ringing up London.

Sea air, wafting over banks of flowers, snatched up the sweet fragrance of an old English herbaceous border and wafted it into staterooms of a luxuriance that Hollywood can only find money to attain when it builds in canvas or plaster.

"I never thought there could be anything like it," said Mrs. Ellis, stroking panelling for which the forests of the world had been scoured

"Where's a punchball?" said Mr. Ellis, sniffing at the rich air. "I've got a lot of surplus energy from somewhere."

And an attendant who overheard him raised a hand smartly and said: "Gymnasium, sir? About a quarter of a mile ahead, and you'll find it on the left."

From now on JOHN BULL'S guests were destined to find so many new surprises that—as they themselves pointed out—they couldn't study anything too long lest they found themselves in New York before they had seen half the ship.

They saw the monster electric ovens, big enough to supply a family of thousands with a choice of scores of dishes for every meal. "Even a Yorkshireman's Sunday dinner would look like a mere crumb in one of those," they thought.

And the refrigerators. "They are not just freezing boxes," they said. "They're like concert halls made colder than the North Pole."

The Aquarium, with hundreds of tiny fish, which were swimming in a tank so long and high and narrow that it was used as a wall between a corridor and the children's playground, so that one can see one's youngsters playing as if through a tropical sea.

Luxury afloat—Mr. and Mrs. Ellis make themselves at home in the cabin they are occupying on the great liner's historic maiden voyage

"Not many people know there are so many different kinds of fish tinier than a stickleback," said Mrs. Ellis, to which her husband replied: "And fancy fish sailing over the ocean in comfort like this."

And then at last they reached the gymnasium, with its prancing horses to give the liver a shake up, its bicycles fixed rigidly to the floor but with dials attached to show how far you ought to have pedalled, and its boxing gloves, scales, fencing equipment and all the other paraphernalia of the most modern and up-to-date gymnastic establishment.

"At last I've got a chance to get back the physical fitness I used to have as an athlete," said Mr. Ellis, "and believe me, I intend to do so."

"If the dances and cocktail bars and all the other temptations to keep you up late at night don't make you change your mind," joked his wife.

"Which won't make any difference at all to my plans," he replied. "You'll see me up and about at six o'clock every morning. And I'm coming straight here. And, mark my words, if I don't come back home as fit and strong as I've ever been in my life, I'm a Dutchman."

Then they walked to the swimming bath, as big as the biggest that some of our leading towns can boast, and yet as richly resplendent and colourful as many of the best-known restaurants in the land. "*And* I'm going to put in an early morning appearance here, too," said Mr. Ellis.

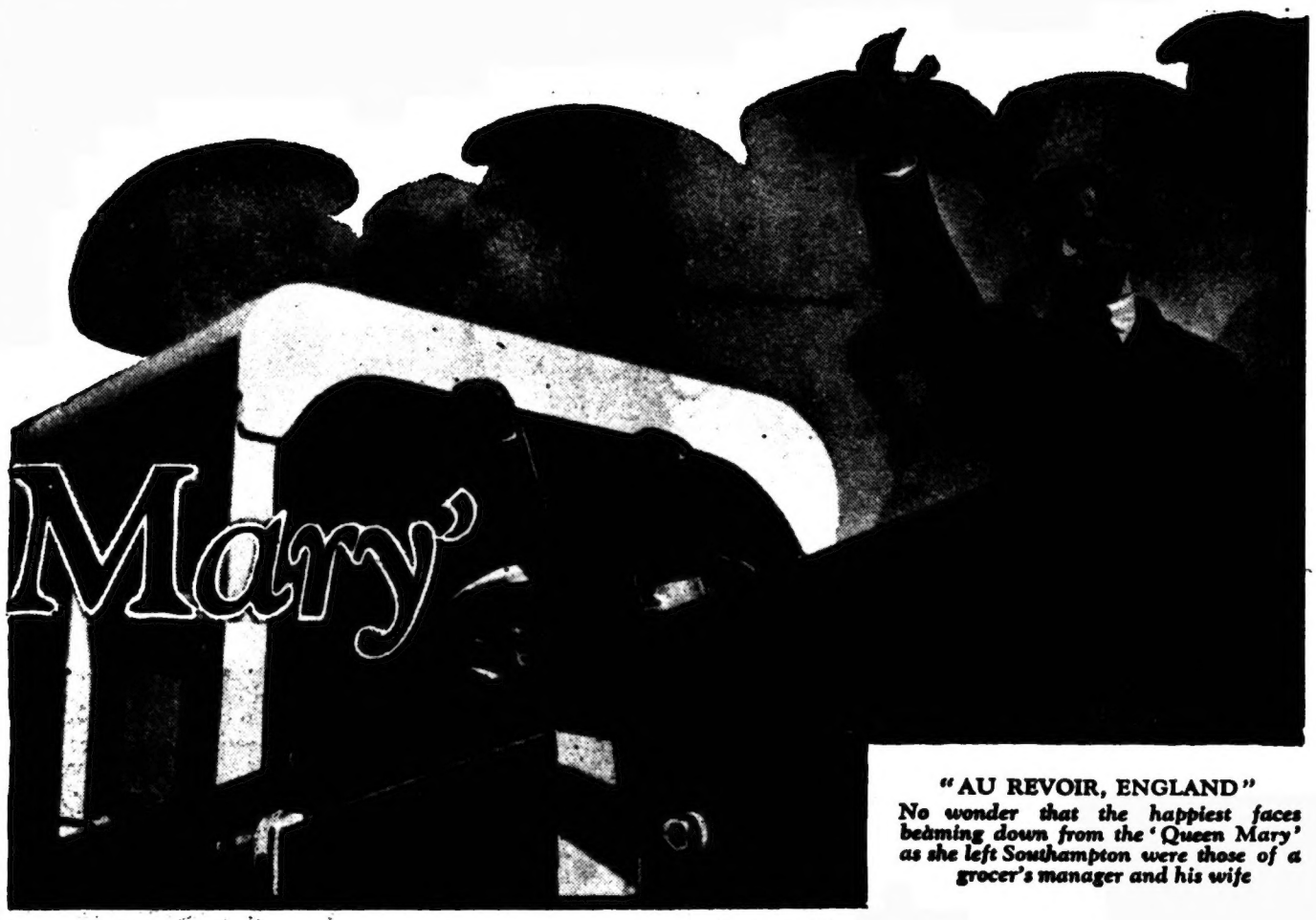
Daily plunge

Yes, an enthusiastic and excellent swimmer is this keen-faced young Yorkshireman. He has done his three miles long-distance effort in the Ouse. He used to be one of the Spartans who took a daily plunge in the river at York, winter and summer alike.

"Slowness has always been my failing as a swimmer," he said, looking as if he would like to jump in there and then. "I must see if I can remedy that now that I've got the time and opportunity to practise a bit. Then (to his wife) I'll be able to teach you to swim."

"Nobody will ever do that," she replied.

From there they went to the promen-



"AU REVOIR, ENGLAND"
No wonder that the happiest faces beaming down from the 'Queen Mary' as she left Southampton were those of a grocer's manager and his wife

ade deck, offering a walk, wider than a greyhound racing track, round the ship. Wonderfully attractive to Mr. Ellis, this, seeing that he used to be a harrier and has run six miles in little more than the world's record—held, by the way, by a very close friend of his, Mr. Walter Beavers, the Yorkshire runner.

"I happen to know that Lord Burghley ran round this promenade deck and completely encircled the ship in 57 seconds," he said. "That is going to take a lot of beating, but there won't be any harm in my having a try."

And a minute later he had discovered a plaque on the deck commemorating the feat of the sportsman peer.

They laughed

And so our guests' initial look-round continued. No explorer in a strange land peered and probed with greater zest than they. And certainly none has done it with a greater sense of enthusiasm.

They went on to the sports deck. "Some towns might feel prouder of themselves if they had recreation grounds as big," said Mr. Ellis. He is a man who watches the social services of the country very closely.

They inspected the lifeboats, each a self-contained miniature liner, even to having its own heating apparatus, foolproof as far as launching is concerned, and ten times safer than the boats that used to take people to America a hundred years ago.

They inspected the room in which the lights will change to echo the mood of whatever piece of music is being played. Its walls are decorated with boisterous paintings of frivolous people executed in the most modern style.

"Even a blind man can see that this is the work of Dame Laura Knight," said a garrulous woman near. "Only a fool would mistake it."

"Sh-sh-sh," whispered Mr. Ellis. "It is obviously Doris Zinkeisen's work." And so it proved.

Then the cocktail bar, built beneath the bridge to give almost as wide a view of the sea as the captain will get, its main wall covered with a delightful study of fancy dress revellers dancing ring-a-roses in Trafalgar Square. Soldiers, sailors, Society women, working girls, matrons and even Chelsea pensioners join in the fun.

"There's a picture you can study for a week and always find something fresh to think about," was Mr. Ellis's opinion of that.

The children's room, with a little shop for them to play in, a sentry box, and such apparatus as a huge slide from roof to floor . . . already screaming youngsters were careering down it!

Mrs. Ellis's turn to comment now, for she has three fine little boys, not one of whom has yet reached school age. "The slide has been thoughtfully supplied to provide the ship's tailor with work," she said with a smile.

The various dining-rooms next. High up over one is a huge map of the world over which a lighted model of the *Queen Mary* will move to show her position at any time. Wonderful paintings by famous artists, some of which will transport the diners from mid-Atlantic to the English countryside whenever they look at them.

Carvings worthy of a place in the greatest galleries of the world. Wrought ironwork that makes you wonder how any man could be so perfect a blend of smithy and creative artist to make them. All these things fight for your attention against the rivalry of hundreds of other features of artistic appeal.

And at last our guests stood on the bridge, proud and happy to meet some of the officers who will help to sail this ocean wonder from port to port, thrilled by the sight of Southampton lying at their feet, and saddened for a moment when they looked down on the liner *Majestic*, looking so small and lonely and pathetic as she awaited her last journey—to the shipbreakers.

Feeling of power

One gets an uncanny feeling of power up there on that bridge which the sailor the world over would be proud to tread. And Mr. Ellis, leaning down to see the frenzied activity below, could not help but reflect on the romance that had got him there.

It went back to the days when he could never have hoped to have visited America, let alone under such conditions as these.

He was a schoolboy, learning with a pride and joy that he couldn't conceal that he had won a scholarship to a college at Birmingham. A thoughtful boy, he had been, far less inclined than other lads to accept opinions ready-made.

Then he was a young man embarked on life's journey as a grocer's boy. He had acquired by then the habit of writing notes on subjects on which he thought strongly, and which has stood him in good stead as a *Bullets* competitor.

He felt bitter

Now he saw himself behind the counter of a shop. In those days the project of building the world's biggest, fastest and finest liner for England appeared to have fallen through. The *Queen Mary* was allowed to stand stark and grim as a skeleton at Clydebank. He remembered feeling so bitter about that that he wrote down his thoughts.

And he wrote them down again when David Kirkwood, M.P., stirred the country into finishing the job dropped during that black Christmas of 1931 when the *Queen Mary's* workmen were dismissed.

He never dreamed then that the most wonderful liner the world has ever seen would sail away on her maiden voyage with him and his wife on board.

Then, from her bridge, he remembered the day when he wrote the line: Mankind's Failing — *And* Strength — "Grasping Hands."

Then the day when the telegram arrived to tell him he had won £2,000 and this wonder journey for two

Unlike his wife, who did her purchasing for the trip by making expedition after expedition through the shopping streets of York, Mr. Ellis had gone to one shop for almost everything.

They asked if they could make a special window display of his purchases —the town's interest in his trip was such that a window display was justified. He not only gave permission—he decorated the window himself. As a winner in a national shop-window dressing competition, he took rare joy in the task.

Last memory

He remembered, too, wondering what he would say when he asked his employer, Mr. William Thompson, who owns three grocery shops, whether he could have time to go to America in the *Queen Mary*. As manager of the biggest of the shops, he knew he could not be spared lightly.

And how Mr. Thompson anticipated him with: "I suppose you'll be wanting time off. Well, make your plans, my boy."

He recalled breaking the news to little John, David and Michael, his three sons —the hardest task of all. "Oh, don't go away in the *Queen Mary*," sobbed Michael.

"You go away on the *Queen Mary*?" challenged David, a few days later, in a little fit of temper.

Last memory of all, the packing. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis were glad that luggage had to be sent off nearly ten days in advance. The reason was that every available inch of space was booked for cargo, that just as wealthy people fought for cabins in the *Queen Mary*, manufacturers scrambled to get their goods into her holds. . . .

And now? Looking down on the mighty crowd that had come to bid the liner God-speed, Mr. Ellis thought of the future.

Those days in New York as a guest of JOHN BULL. He would study window dressing there, sales methods, advertising, and he wouldn't be afraid to go into shops and introduce himself as an English grocer.

Yes, he was going to come back a better man at his job. There's no man living who can honestly say that he cannot improve himself. And it would help to repay a very excellent employer who didn't wait for him to ask for time off.

And now the great liner was on the move. Southampton seemed to go mad. The Queen of the Ocean assumed her throne.

For Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, the thrill of a lifetime had begun!

Pension FOR Penny!

"WHAT will happen to us in five years' time, when I have to stop working?" That was the worry that used to haunt sixty-year-old Mr. W. H. Penny, 1, Ainslie Street, Ulverston, Lancs.

"The last twenty years have been very unsettled as regards employment," this veteran worker told a JOHN BULL representative, "and, with our boy to educate, there has been little chance for us to save money. Now we are faced with brighter days, in a home of our own and freed from anxiety as to the future."

It was a "Golden Joy Wire" that brought this amazing change in the fortunes of the Penny family the other day. Inside its gay cover were JOHN BULL'S congratulations to Mr. Penny on scoring an outright victory in our 16th Crossword Contest—and that meant a £500 fortune for the new home, the security of a £6 monthly Life Pension, and, to celebrate this triumph, a Millionaire's week-end in London as JOHN BULL'S guests!

"We have good cause to bless the day we began taking part in JOHN BULL'S competitions," said Mr. Penny. "I had been trying your Crosswords on and off since they started. I tried *Bullets* also, but my entries were not regular.

"It was when the present series of Crossword contests was started that I was attracted by the new conditions governing the judging of entries. So I decided to take up competing seriously, for I believed that only by regular and consistent effort could I expect to reach the success I desired.

Mr. Penny
"no anxiety now"

"To all intending competitors and those who are only entering half-heartedly I would like to say this," Mr. Penny concluded: "Enter regularly, with the serious intention of doing your very best to win. Then, sooner or later, the result will be a Golden Joy Wire addressed to *you*, which will brighten the rest of *your* life."

Be wise and follow Mr. Penny. A success like his in the Crossword Competition on page 36 would bring you a fine Life Pension of 30s. weekly, £300 cash, and a £30 Holiday Cheque yearly for life. Yes, and all these blessings can be yours for working out an interesting puzzle!

THOROUGHBREDS *for speed!*

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure!

GALLAHER PARK DRIVE

10 *for* 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 *for* 2D

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Oh for More Like You, Judge!

Wonderful Children's Friend—Ruined Proving His Innocence—Mothers Who Go Without—Airships We Don't Want

MR. JUSTICE RIGBY SWIFT, —You're the sort of judge we want—a trenchant critic of social evils, a jealous guardian of the citizen's rights.

The judge who wins fame by his wit may help to brighten the drab monotony of court business. But the one who wins it by attacking muddle and injustice puts us all in his debt.

I, for one, welcome your latest criticisms. Your scornful onslaught on the "hopeless mess" of the betting laws, in particular, is something that has needed saying from the Bench for a long time.

* * *

As my readers know, I am one of those who, in your own words, "have been saying for years" that this betting muddle and absurdity should be cleared up. I congratulate you on adding your influence to this campaign, even though you are pessimistic regarding its chance of success.

"We have had a commission on the subject," you say, "but nothing has happened and, believe me, nothing ever will. Everybody is afraid to touch it."

Well, even our timid legislators would be forced to touch it if a few more judges rolled up their sleeves like you. For, time and again, it has been proved that the High Court Bench can impose its will on the legislature.

* * *

I hope you will continue to attack, whenever the need arises, that other injustice with which you have dealt in the last few days.

By your rebuke to counsel in a certain case you have reminded us once more that all men and women are equal in the eyes of the law.

"What on earth does that matter?" you asked when counsel cross-examined a woman about her character.

"I don't care how disreputable a woman may be," you said. "She is entitled to the fullest protection which the law can give her in the case of attack such as is here alleged. She is just as much entitled to it as the proudest princess in the land."

That should be impressed on everyone who serves the cause of justice.

Where discrimination is shown, when it is used to deny any man or woman redress for wrongs—then justice becomes a mockery.

So, my lord, *keep your sleeves rolled up!*

JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. J. C. INGRAM,
Potters Bar, Middlesex

DEAR MR. INGRAM,—Turning aside from international discords and the problems nearer home, it's as good as a tonic to read of men like you.

Certainly it thrills me as much as any youngster to hear of your gift of 250 acres of Mersea Island, near Colchester, as a free playground for children. You have planted 7,000 trees, built a large dining-hall, installed swings and roundabouts and made a bathing-pool. Though it is chiefly for London slum children, it will be open to any child who likes to visit it.

You are a retired London builder, I am told. Well, you know how to put many other self-made men in the shade.

JOHN BULL.

A judge with his sleeves up is the sort we want

Rev. S. J. ARCHER, Withnell, Lancs: You ban dancing because it arouses dangerous passions. Intolerance most dangerous passion.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HENRY L. HINCHCLIFFE,
Lisbourn Street, Southport

DEAR SIR,—You have my sympathy in your helpless plight. It is indeed a terrible thing that you should have been ruined in the efforts to prove yourself innocent.

You were doing well, as partner in a small firm, until you were charged with obtaining £3 by false pretences. Sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, you served seven weeks. Now the Lord Chief Justice has allowed your appeal.

But, though proved innocent, you are ruined.

Your partnership has ended, the money you put into it has gone, you have only 17s. in your pockets—earned in jail.

I can only hope that this brief recital of your misfortunes will persuade some employer to give you the fresh start you deserve.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. BARBARA GOULD, J.P.,
London, N.W.

DEAR MRS. GOULD,—Don't let us forget that phrase which you have heard from unemployed families all over the country, "We don't eat on Thursdays." Don't hesitate to repeat, on every possible occasion, the terrible facts you have brought out in your speech at the Labour Women's Conference.

Not that they come as news to my readers, for they were all in your article, "The Mothers Who Go Without," which I published last November.

But there are other folk who are still anxious to believe, like our rulers, that no workless man and his family go short of food. They can't be reminded of the truth too often.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. M. MacMILLAN, M.P.: Hope income-tax papers not sent to Scots road-makers who you say get shilling a day.—JOHN BULL.

Sir SAMUEL HOARE, M.P.,
Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—No more flying gasometers for Britain, thank you!

You may think we should try our hands again at airship building. You may think that if we had persisted after the *R.101* disaster we might have succeeded.

Of course we might—at the cost of a few more hundred lives and a few more scores of millions of pounds. But our generation has had its fill of airships crashing to earth, airships breaking in half, and airships swept by flames.

It will take more than the success of the German *Hindenburg* to make us risk another series of disasters.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. S. HUDSON,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—I look to you to cut the red tape which binds the hospital staffs of your Department in a tangle of petty tyranny.

Let me tell you of a few typical cases. The stupid rule that men must report at the hospital on their day off means that one orderly must cycle twenty miles from his home and back just to sign the attendance book. Another man, who also lives a considerable distance from the hospital, gets only a few hours with his family instead of twenty-four.

These orderlies are ex-Servicemen and many suffer from war wounds. When they need treatment they are allowed sick-leave on two-thirds pay up to six weeks; if they are ill for a longer period, not only does their pay cease, but deductions are made from their annual leave.

Rules are necessary, I know, but need they be irksome?

JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. J. JERVIS,
Leeds Medical Officer

DEAR DOCTOR,—Thank you for your tribute to the people who are so often slandered by snobs.

Giving evidence at a slum enquiry, you have declared "I don't know what these houses would have been like if the tenants had not been so house-proud. They have painted the woodwork, the brickwork and even the roofs."

Like many other medical officers of health, you often find people living in the very worst houses and yet keeping them spick and span. An effective retort to those who think slum conditions are largely made by slum-dwellers!

JOHN BULL.

Lord QUEENBOROUGH,
Berkeley Square, London, S.W.

MY LORD,—I am glad I don't share your fears. I'm sorry you have raised the old Russian bogy again.

"The threatening menace of Soviet Russia in its alliance with France to the peace of the world," your reason for resigning the post of treasurer to the League of Nations Union, is incomprehensible to me.

Whatever we may think of the Soviet régime, Hitler and Mussolini cast more ominous shadows over the world. I thought even diehards knew that.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. GREENLAND DAVIES,
Inspector of Mines, Northern Area

DEAR SIR,—Accidents being far more frequent in northern mines where young boys are employed for haulage work, you advise better training for the lads as a remedy.

Did you ever hear of the "sweeps' brats" who used to climb up chimneys, sweeping as they went? The perils to their lives disappeared when better chimneys were introduced.

So let us have a better haulage system in those accident-rife mines!

And, just as the time came when children were forbidden to climb chimneys, so must the time come when youngsters will no longer be allowed to do any sort of work in collieries.

JOHN BULL.

B.B.C.: Sorry name of Polish tennis player, Jedrzejowska, beat announcer, but give him credit for attempting it.—JOHN BULL.

Sir DONALD BANKS,
Director-General, Post Office

DEAR SIR DONALD,—The Post Office innovations you forecast will certainly be acceptable. Best of the bunch will be the special numbers for automatic telephones which, when rung, will ring an alarm bell in the exchange and thus draw immediate attention to emergency calls.

That's all very well for the big towns which are equipped with automatic 'phones. But I'm still worried about the thousands of other districts where fire, police and ambulance services are more difficult to obtain.

Often, you know, there is considerable delay in summoning such help by the old-fashioned 'phone system. What are you going to do about it?

JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Hat Tricks

ALWAYS try to treat a lady
Most politely, most politely;
Bow if you should meet a lady,
Most politely, most politely;
E'en upon the wettest days,
Or beneath the sunshine's blaze,
Do not fail your hat to raise
Most politely!

But it's time to take a stand
Most politely, most politely,
And resist the new demand
(Most politely, most politely)
That a man should doff his hat
In a lift. Just answer pat:
"Lady fair, be blowed to that!"
Most politely!

This, at any rate, appears to be the view of a brave brotherhood in America, who, in revolt against excessive courtesy, have formed an Association for the Prevention of Taking Off Hats in Elevators.

In this country the hat-elevating habit is less widespread; but even here it is indulged in quite enough to render any woman liable to receive a black eye from the elbow of some courteous cove intent upon doffing his chapeau in a crowded lift.

What precisely should be the policy of a gent, who prides himself on being the ultimate scream in Good Form would seem to hinge upon the question: Is a lift room within the meaning of the Book of Etiquette?

If it is, then it is difficult to see how trains, trams, buses or anything else provided with a ceiling can avoid being rooms, so that dangerous orgies of lid-lifting would become compulsory for the human herrings packed in these receptacles.

But common-sense may well suggest that by the time we've taken off our hats to France, the Lord Mayor's coachman, the female who stands on our foot in a kinema queue and other recognised recipients of courtesy, it is time to give our bowlers a rest lest they be worn out long before the natural end of their innings.

Carried too far, lifting the hat can become as demoralising as lifting the elbow. In the old days, man seemed to think that treating lovely woman with deference was one way of keeping her in her place; but now that Jill reckons herself as good as, if not better than, her lord and master, the old conventions clash with the new equality.

Why it should be considered a gesture of respect for a man to bare his bald patch to the breeze is to me a mystery. But I suppose we should feel grateful that our already sufficiently complicated etiquette does not demand that we should remove our socks when we meet a lady.

A man who in a court of law
Presumed to keep his hat on
Would very quickly find that he,
Outraging legal dignity,
Would be severely sat on!

But judges, on the other hand,
When women come before 'em
Bareheaded, promptly tell them that
To face the court without a hat
Affronts the law's decorum!

Thus etiquette decrees when we
Must bare our heads or hide them;
But, doffed or raised, our chimney-pots
And bowlers matter less than what's
(If anything) inside them!

Y. Z.

Stop FIGHTING your Nerves

FEED them with Dr. Cassells!

FOOLISH woman to let herself go, you may say. But are not some of us just like her? Looking after the home, the family, seeing to the children's meals, getting our men-folk off to work, forgetting all about our own good health until it is too late? And even then how easily we fly to sedatives and pick-me-ups to 'keep us going,' and keep the pain away.

Is this a black picture? It may be. But—*it is a true picture of worn-out nerves.* In essentials it is a picture of *you* if you are fighting that awful battle against nerve weakness. This way of treating nerves never brought health and strength. A specialist would say to you at once: *DON'T FIGHT YOUR NERVES! FEED THEM.* Feed your nerves with this wonderful medicine which is curing thousands.

Feed your Nerves

to make them NEW and STRONG

You need more than a sedative. You need more than 'temporary' drugs or stimulants. It is fatal to drive tired nerves without giving them proper nourishment. And it is not enough to take ordinary good food, because the 'nervous' state of your digestion prevents proper assimilation. You need the special group of nerve foods and nerve nutrients in Dr. Cassells brand Tablets.

Go to your chemist and get a bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets, justly named by grateful sufferers the Great Revitaliser of the Human System. Each of these famous tablets contains NERVE FOODS to nourish every delicate nerve fibre in your body, BLOOD PURIFIERS to enrich and purify your blood, DIGESTIVES to strengthen your digestion and bring back appetite: ANALGESICS to banish pain. And every ingredient is endorsed by specialists. That is why we recommend Dr. Cassells Tablets for **YOU.**

Watch for these signs of nerve weakness: **Listlessness : Palpitations : Arms or Legs Shaky : Sleep Restless or Short : Nervousness : Anæmia : Indigestion : No Appetite : Back-Ache : Sciatica : Neuralgia : Head Pains : Neuritis : Depression.**

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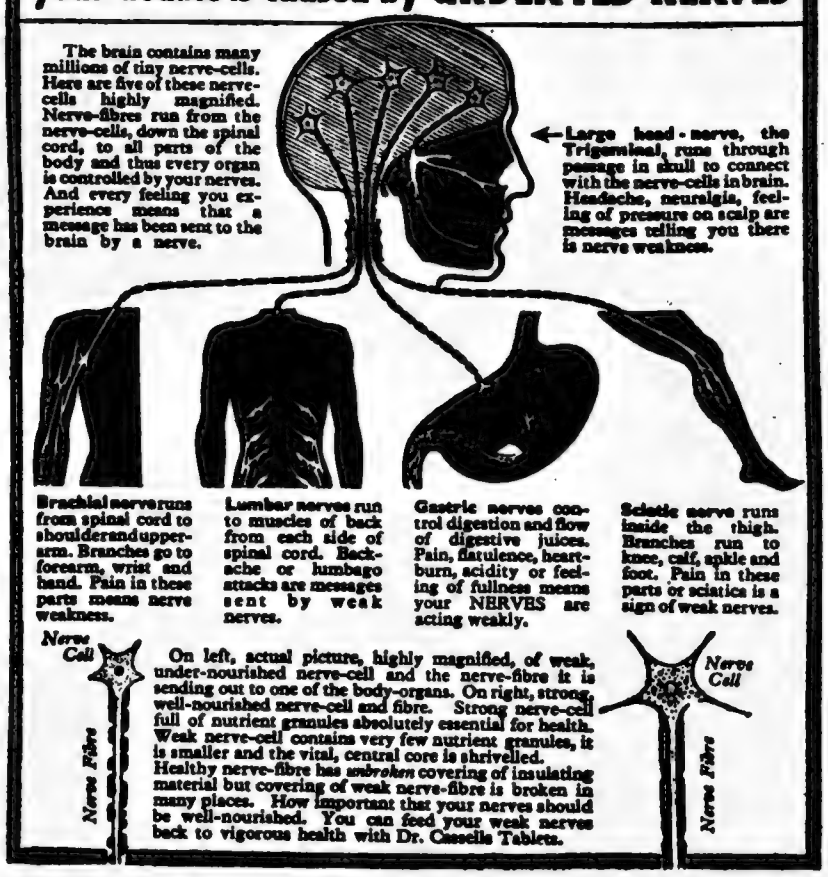
To make a trial, buy a 1/3d. bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets from your chemist. Keep the carton and if you are not entirely satisfied, send it back to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, who will refund your 1/3d. at once.

Prices: 6d. 1/3, 3/-&5/-

This NERVE CHART shows WHY your trouble is caused by UNDER-FED NERVES


The brain contains many millions of tiny nerve-cells. Here are five of these nerve-cells highly magnified. Nerve-fibres run from the nerve-cells, down the spinal cord, to all parts of the body and thus every organ is controlled by your nerves. And every feeling you experience means that a message has been sent to the brain by a nerve.
Large head-nerve, the Trigeminal, runs through passage in skull to connect with the nerve-cells in brain. Headache, neuralgia, feeling of pressure on scalp are messages telling you there is nerve weakness.
Brachial nerve runs from spinal cord to shoulder and upper-arm. Branches go to forearm, wrist and hand. Pain in these parts means nerve weakness.
Lumbar nerves run to muscles of back from each side of spinal cord. Backache or lumbago attacks are messages sent by weak nerves.
Gastric nerves control digestion and flow of digestive juices. Pain, flatulence, heartburn, acidity or feeling of fullness means your NERVES are acting weakly.
Sciatic nerve runs inside the thigh. Branches run to knee, calf, ankle and foot. Pain in these parts or sciatica is a sign of weak nerves.
Nerve Cell
Nerve Fibre
On left, actual picture, highly magnified, of weak, under-nourished nerve-cell and the nerve-fibre it is sending out to one of the body-organs. On right, strong, well-nourished nerve-cell and fibre. Strong nerve-cell full of nutrient granules absolutely essential for health. Weak nerve-cell contains very few nutrient granules, it is smaller and the vital, central core is shrivelled. Healthy nerve-fibre has *unbroken* covering of insulating material but covering of weak nerve-fibre is broken in many places. How important that your nerves should be well-nourished. You can feed your weak nerves back to vigorous health with Dr. Cassells Tablets.
Nerve Cell
Nerve Fibre

Don't FIGHT your Nerves—FEED them with

Dr. Cassells TABLETS

Brand

J. H. THOMAS

—by— A. G. Gardiner

IN resigning his seat in the Government, Mr. J. H. Thomas did the wise and honourable thing. He might, if he had consulted his own feelings, have delayed the action until the issue of the Porter tribunal's report had disclosed whether such action was called for.

But this delay would have added to the difficulties of his colleagues in the Government at a critical time, and in effacing himself at once he acted with courage and good sense.

During the last fortnight Mr. Thomas has filled the centre of the stage to the exclusion even of Mussolini and Hitler. It was a saying of Macaulay that a broken head in Cold Bath Fields excited the public more than two pitched battles in India, and it is true that a first-rate scandal at home will eclipse far more momentous events abroad.

Justified

And in the circumstances of the alleged Cabinet leakage on the subject of the Budget there was certainly the material for a first-class scandal.

That those circumstances justified the suspicions that there had been a leakage will not be disputed.

The sudden activities in the City on the afternoon of Budget Day within an hour or two of Mr. Chamberlain's announcement of his proposals, and the intelligent anticipation which those activities displayed as to what was coming could not fail to set the tongue of rumour wagging, and when the name of Mr. Thomas was bandied about from mouth to mouth the necessity for action became imperative.

It was as imperative in the interests of Mr. Thomas as it was in those of the Government and of the public. It was impossible that a prominent member of the Cabinet, charged with the most responsible relations with the outside world, should be left under a cloud of vague, unexamined suspicion as to his integrity and his loyalty to the elementary conditions on which he held his great office.

"Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

And to no one is it more immediate and precious than to those having the highest secrets of the State in their keeping. If the reflections on Mr. Thomas' honour were untrue he was entitled to have them publicly probed and disproved.

These considerations, I repeat, made the most searching enquiry imperative.

It has been made, and made, I think, in a manner to satisfy the public sense of what was required. The Opposition suggestion that the enquiry should be carried out by a Parliamentary Committee was happily not adopted.

That course would have been disastrous. It would have introduced partisan and personal considerations which would have been fatal to the judicial spirit of the occasion, and would have produced more heat than light.

The tribunal presided over by Mr. Justice Porter has been a model of what such a court should be. It has carried out its duties dispassionately, fearlessly, with the single purpose of eliciting the naked and relevant facts.

Inevitable

There was much evidence which would have been inadmissible in a law court, and which was little more than baseless gossip, that could be discounted by the tribunal, but could not have failed to prejudice the public mind. This was unfortunate, but it was inevitable in what was necessarily a roving enquiry, not subject to the ordinary procedure of a court of justice.

It is not for me, writing as I do before the issue of the report, to anticipate its findings, but there are two subjects on which something may be said with propriety.

The first relates to Mr. Thomas himself. There is no one of generous mind, no matter to what Party he belongs, who will not regret that Mr. Thomas' name has been associated with this disquieting affair. Mr. Thomas is a man who in the course of a long public life has filled many important offices and filled them with credit and ability. He started his career as an errand boy at nine, graduated as a cleaner of engines and spent the early years of his adult life as a fireman and engine-driver.

Thanks to him

From these beginnings he emerged one of the most skilful and agile figures on the public stage. It will be admitted even by his enemies in Labour—and he has made many—that trade unionism has produced no more accomplished leader. His generalship of the great organisation with which he was so long associated, the N.U.R., was by common consent a triumph of good sense and sagacity.

The position of the railwaymen before the war was a notorious scandal. One hundred thousand of them were below the £1 a week line and the service was seething with discontent.

All this has been changed. To-day the railwaymen, instead of being the underdogs in the industrial world, are in a better position than most sections of the working-class community, with a decent wage, reasonable hours and a secure employment. And it will not be denied by anyone conversant with the facts that this is the achievement of Mr. Thomas more than of anyone else.

Some of us have squirmed at times at his excessively breezy methods, but it will be admitted that he is one of the most successful Parliamentarians that the Labour movement has produced. There have been better speakers among his colleagues. He has fluency, but no sense of form and his emphasis is overemphatic.

But no one has played the Parliamentary game with nimbler foot than he has done and few men have been so adroit in getting out of an awkward entanglement in debate. He knows the use of red-herrings as well as anyone, and on the Treasury bench has been as ready to save the face of a colleague as his own by setting the hounds off on a new scent.

His Record

It does not surprise me to be told that he is among the first-class bridge players of the day, for he has that combination of quick wits and calculating judgment that is the essential of success in that art.

In all this and much else he is typical of his nation. Mr. Lloyd George knows all his methods and his arts, and is said to have remarked to him genially one day, when they were in collision at some conference, "That's all very well, Thomas, but you must remember that I'm a Welshman, too."

He has filled more offices, and, with one exception, held his seat on the Treasury bench for a longer period than any representative of the Labour movement, and though he has fallen foul of his old Party, the record of his services to the State is a high and distinguished one that even his opponents would deplore to see discredited.

The second point to which reference may fittingly be made is that which gave occasion to the enquiry. That enquiry arose out of circumstances which touch the highest interests of the State.

There is no subject on which this country has more reason to pride itself than on the traditions of its public service. The standards of official life, like the honour of a certain lady, must be "above suspicion"—not merely suspicion of flagrant misconduct, but suspicion of levity of mind and irresponsibility.

Those standards have been maintained in the past at a level that is the envy of the world. They have been so maintained by the most sensitive regard for a scrupulous code of behaviour on the part of those who hold office, high or low.

Any departure from that code admits of only one penalty. There are circumstances in which we may lament the heaviness of the blow. But the penalty is and must be irrevocable.

"Some of us have squirmed at times at his excessively breezy methods"

The Human Machine

Hit Back—*and* Smile!

ONE of the greatest tests of a man's worth is how he meets real misfortune; not the ordinary little mishaps of daily life, but the real knock-down blow, sudden, unexpected, and devastating.

When you are beset by circumstances you can either allow them to be your rulers, or you can make them your instruments. You can see them as mountainous obstacles or you can realise that they are new opportunities. You can allow them to stifle you or to inspire you. It's your choice. All the time it's your choice.

You may pretend at the first shock that it's the end of everything. You may pretend that you're crushed and overwhelmed and finished. You may pretend that life holds nothing any more except gloom and despair and hopelessness. But it is all pretence, you know. It isn't true. You're only kidding yourself.

Life must go on. You must go on. You've got to go on living. The only question is how you're going on. Your only problem is how you're going to pick up the pieces and put them together again. Don't deceive yourself by thinking that there is any other problem, because there isn't.

Since you've got to pick up the pieces and go on, that's your opportunity. If you don't recognise it as such, that's because you don't really know what an opportunity is. It's not a gift. It's a chance to do something.

How big the opportunity is depends on how big your courage is. It depends on the size of your determination. It depends on the amount of grit you've got. It depends on you realising that what you're going to do depends on yourself and on no-one else.

Above all, you've got to develop—and pretty quickly, if you're going to keep your head in face of misfortune—a real sense of proportion. You've got to realise that very few people have real troubles. Most of them only have difficulties of varying degrees. Nothing is ever as bad as you first think it is. And however bad you may think your own trouble is, you'll find someone round the next corner with one ten times worse.

The best attitude to life's troubles is one of amused indifference. If you can only learn to laugh at misfortune, you can leave your mind free to deal with it swiftly and effectively.

In "John Bull's" 30th Birthday Number NEXT WEEK—

Big Boxing with the Lid Off

The dark secrets of the boxing ring revealed in full for the first time by a Famous British Champion

Order your copy of next Thursday's "John Bull" at once!

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RHINO SOLE simplifies boot repairing and does the job in half the time. Read all about it in the advertisement on page 3. You can obtain it at Woolworth's, W. H. Smith's, etc.

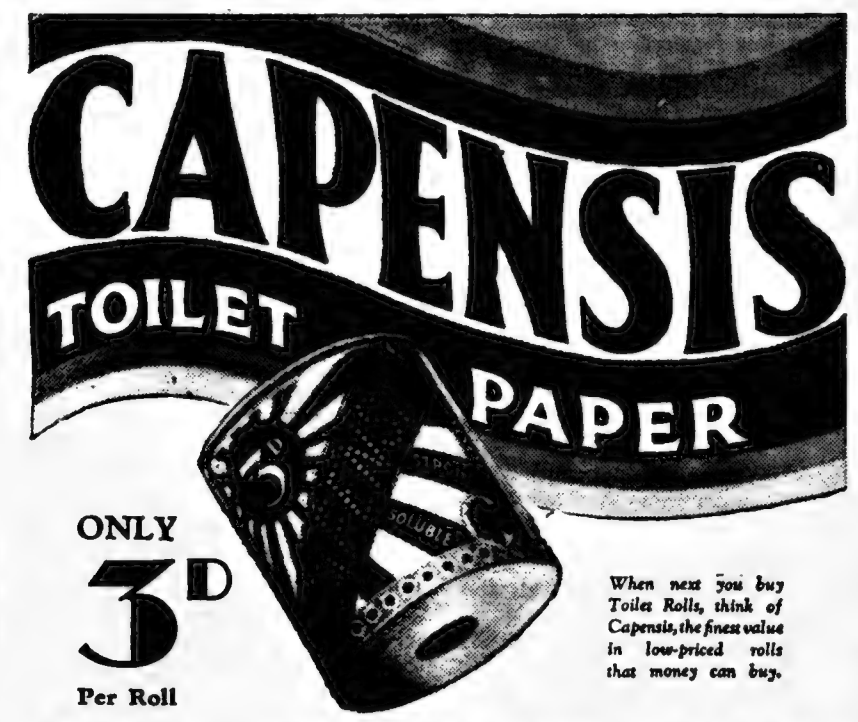
DO you use an ACME PORTABLE Wringer-mangle? Write for free illustrated booklet 12A, describing all models. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E. See p. 23.

NEW 6-in-1 TOOL for the handyman! Just what you need! It costs only 2/-. For illustration see advt. top of page 3.

COVER Your Floors with Tiletex or Paroleum. Ideal for stone, concrete or wood floors. Absolutely waterproof. Lies flat without fastening. Send for Free Samples & Patts. to J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., Walworth Rd., London, S.E.17.

A FREE copy of the Royal Enfield Cycle Catalogue, D.1, is offered to readers who fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 33.

WRITE for the Spring catalogue (men's and women's) offered by Smartwear, Ltd., of 263-271, Regent Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1, on page 33: 1/6 with order secures the smart two-piece illustrated in the advertisement. Fortnightly instalments can complete the balance. Use the coupon when ordering.



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SAVE MONEY on Razor Blades. Try Ellisdon Blades (3 holes), made from finest Sheffield steel. Sample packet of 12 blades sent for 6d. in stamps. For address see advertisement on page 3.

TRICKS with Cards can easily be performed by you with the "Mocker" Pack. Mystify your friends and be the family entertainer. Full details at top of page 2.

CATALOGUE of accessories of interest to cyclists free! Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bluemel Bros., Dept. 12b, Wolston, nr. Coventry.

BABY-CLOTHES. — EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment Beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Homes and Welfare Centres. 75-Garment Layette with full-size Shawl, 30/- or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including best flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on appro. (Cash or Terms.)—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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MAKING POULTRY PAY. — Cash in on Poultry Profits by getting "The Feathered World" Year Book, 1936. All problems are dealt with in a practical, to-the-point manner. Over 300 pages and 80 illustrations in photogravure. All you need do is to send 2/6 to "THE FEATHERED WORLD," Dept. J.B.2, 9, Arundel Street, LONDON, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

NOW is the time to use SANGRAL—the 10-DAY FERTILISER for better flowers, fruit, vegetables and lawns. 100 per cent. safe and effective. 6d., 1s. 6d. and 3s.—Sold everywhere.

SHARPEN YOUR MOWER YOURSELF.—Genuine Carborundum Sharpener guaranteed to instantly sharpen bluntest mower, garden shears, etc. No skill required. Saves pounds. Price only 1/9, post 3d. Wm. Penn (Dept. C/9), 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

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MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

HEADACHE or NEURALGIA are quickly relieved by Cephos, the Physician's remedy. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. In Powders or Tablets. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE. —CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

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ARE YOU Ruptured? Then why wear a dangerous old appliance? The Beasley Air Cushion gives freedom and security and you can test it for 7 days. Write for partics.—Beasley's, Dept. S, 45, Conduit St., London, W.1. Fitting-rooms open until 6 p.m. Sats.

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc., send for my free book on a simple home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.21), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IF you would like to know more about the uses of SEOCOTINE, the famous adhesive, write to Dept. J.B., Messrs. M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., Belfast, for free Booklet. See p. 30.

FREE.—A trial tube of Odol Tooth Paste. Simply send a postcard to Cranbux, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.5), Norwich. See page 28.

IF you value your health, write for a free copy of the Yadil Health Book offered free in the advt. on page 32.

GARDENERS.—SANGRAL, the ten-day fertiliser, will give you better results. Don't overlook the ten-day test offer on page 34.

HYGIENE wisdom: When you next buy Toilet Rolls, think of CAPENSIS, the finest value in low-priced rolls that money can buy. Made by a firm established over 50 years and the largest makers of toilet rolls in the United Kingdom, CAPENSIS Toilet Paper is as economical as it is pure. It costs only 3d. per roll.

FREE.—A fascinating book of modern colour schemes of painted specimens of all Maisons colours is offered to *John Bull* readers. Simply send a p.c. with your name and address in block capitals to Lewis Berger & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. B.3), Homerton, London, E.9. See p. 28.

ACCEPT this free offer. To introduce the new size packet of Birds Custard sufficient for four half-pints, a special packet will be sent free to all readers who simply write to Birds Custard, Dept. D.Q.27, Thames House, Millbank, London. Write at once for your sample package.

IF you want to turn out first-rate pictures in the quickly changing light conditions of this country use Selo Films. The photographic season is now here, and Selo Films will make all the difference in the quality of your pictures. See page 18.

A FREE sample tube of MORNING PRIDE, the new brushless shaving cream, will be sent to all who cut out the special coupon on page 24. Pin your name and address, and attach 1½d. stamp for postage and packing, or, if you prefer, write, mentioning *John Bull*, enclosing 1½d. stamp, to Passett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. A.), 96, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

TWO magnificent free offers—and a coupon worth 1/- to you. A most inviting offer is made by the makers of Allinson Bread on page 28. You can obtain free, in return for a number of vouchers from loaves of Allinson Bread, an enlargement (12 in. x 15 in.) of any favourite photograph, or a handsome pen and pencil set. Details of the scheme are advertised on page 28. Turn to it now. The coupon has been given a special value. Cut this out to-day and preserve it carefully for your future use.

A FREE Pattern! A famous West End Designer has created an enchanting wrap Overall, and a pattern of this delightful model is offered free to every reader of this paper. All you have to do is to collect the lids from packets of Robin Starch and the free pattern comes in exchange for one lid bearing the price from one 10d. packet or its equivalent from 6d., 3½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets. Sizes are 32 in., 34 in., 36 in., 38 in. and 40 in. (bust). When sending, be sure to ask for free pattern R.P.11, mention that you saw the offer in *John Bull*, and post your Robin Starch Lids in sealed stamped envelope, addressed to Pattern Dept., Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Hull.

A WONDERFUL free Cookery Book. This new standard reference book, containing a hundred and twenty good "family recipes," is yours free. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The British Commercial Gas Association (Dept. 9), 28, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1, for a copy, or fill in the coupon in the Gas announcement on page 23. Every housewife and cook should get this valuable reference book for all favourite dishes, with the easiest and best way of doing them.

NAIL BITING.
A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health endangering habit.—Flitez, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

DARING 'Queen Mary' CROOK

WITH world-wide interest focused upon the maiden voyage of the *Queen Mary*, it was to be expected that numerous enterprising tricksters would seek to exploit this outstanding event in maritime history. But no one could foresee that the most brilliant coups of all in this connection would be perpetrated by a woman.

That woman, who has so far escaped the publicity she deserves, is known by many names and often impudently assumes those of prominent people, much to their annoyance.

She is an adventuress who has baffled many experienced detectives in a series of escapades that stamp her as one of the most accomplished crooks at large.

Recently she was to be found as a guest at a leading hotel on the South Coast, where, using the name of "Mrs. Agnes Carter," she allowed it to become known that she was the wife of a prominent official employed on the great new ocean greyhound.

She appeared to have plenty of money to spend, and her stories were generally accepted without question.

Winning ways

In talking to some of her fellow-guests at the hotel she displayed convincing familiarity with incidents that had occurred in connection with the construction and launching of the *Queen Mary*, and with a winning confidence let out a hint or two of some of the supposed burdens which had fallen upon her husband's shoulders regarding the tremendous work which he had done in readiness for the ship's maiden voyage across the Atlantic.

She mentioned several highly placed people by name, said she was a friend of the vessel's captain, and told how she had been able to use her influence to get special facilities for special friends to tour the liner and take dinner with the "best people."

One day she left the hotel "to meet her husband." She drove to the quayside. What happened to her there no one knows. Certain it is that she did not board the *Queen Mary*.

After her departure from the hotel all kinds of enquiries arose about her. One came from an official on the *Queen Mary*, whose name she had used. Far from being his wife, she was quite unknown to him, and had had no right whatsover to use his name in any way.

He had only got to know of the existence of the attractive Agnes because of complaints he had received from people who had paid her money in the belief that she could use her supposed influence to get them special permits to visit the ship at a time when celebrities were aboard.

She had the audacity to tell one dupe, who handed over a substantial sum as a loan in the belief that "Mrs. Carter" was short of money until she drove up to town to her bank in Knightsbridge, that she could "arrange" for him to be present on the ocean giant when a special party from the House of Lords, and numerous Cabinet Ministers and politicians, would be there.

"A ceremony that will live in your memory for ever," she had said. And it was, but the dupe was not there, and never had the least likelihood of attending.

In all parts of Hampshire and Dorsetshire this clever woman has obtained money from people during the past few weeks by her inspiring stories of her alleged connection with the *Queen Mary*. Her supposed "husband" was sometimes the ship's captain, one of its officers, or a special official. Thus endless annoyance has been caused to the men whose names she has misused.

Posed as victim

Nor has she confined her *Queen Mary* swindles to people she has met in hotels. In some cases she has called upon wealthy persons noted for their philanthropic work and has repeated her *Queen Mary* tale in some form or other and then pretended that she has herself been victimised by some unscrupulous individual into whose clutches she had fallen.

In this way she has extracted money by using the name of some noted person on the pretext that she is temporarily alone in the town as her "husband" has been called away.

In one case she met a woman at an hotel in the West End of London and, in the way we have described, asked if the other would like to spend a day or so on the *Queen Mary*. By some means which is not yet known she had discovered that this woman was particularly anxious to travel on the ship's first long voyage and soon wormed her way into her confidence.

With the usual plausible stories, and the use of several well-known names, "Mrs. Carter" (who used another alias on this occasion) said that she could easily fix everything up despite the refusals which had been received from the *Queen Mary's* booking agents.

She told her dupes that she could get them invited to this function—when Sir Percy Bates, Cunard-White Star chief, entertained important guests on the "Queen Mary." But they were unlucky

She pointed out that, even for a woman in her position, it was a very difficult task, as one of the most important members of the company owning the vessel had discovered. The latter, it seemed, wanted a party of eighteen well-connected friends to accompany him on the first trip, but accommodation could only be found for seven.

Still, where mere man failed, woman could triumph—at least a woman of the courageous and influential type of "Agnes Carter." So, in the end, she obtained by one of her small confidence tricks a handsome cheque from the woman in question for the services she had promised to render.

That, as can now be imagined, was the last her victim heard of her until she complained to the police and learnt that the winsome Agnes was a notorious adventuress whose arrest is sought on a series of charges in different parts of the country.

Her names are as numerous as her lies, and her history shows that she has played many parts in her time, that of a famous general's "wife"—an impudent imposture through which she netted large sums of money and credit—a doctor's widow, an heiress, and an evangelist.

Fell in love

The daughter of a London artisan, she started life in the cashier's desk at a West End hotel.

Her first real victim was a young man who fell in love with her when she was in her early twenties. She discovered that his people were wealthy and she soon found means by which to extract from him everything of financial value she could. Then, when their marriage had been arranged, she just faded out of the picture on her wedding eve, leaving her dupe a poorer and a wiser man.

Twelve years ago, for swindling an hotel management, she received her first sentence—a month's hard labour. She was a comparatively "small" crook then, but, emulating ladies of fashion, soon worked her way up the criminal ladder.

Then, for a host of frauds perpetrated in the guise of a wealthy widow, she achieved further notoriety. After this she adopted the rôle of a "singing evangelist," but two years later was arrested for obtaining money and goods by fraud, for which she received more severe punishment.

Now, with her *Queen Mary* rôle, she has sprung into the limelight again.

What she will next adopt as her guise is a matter of conjecture, but everyone should be warned against the charming, calculating, efficient, quick-witted "Agnes Carter," who graduated from a labourer's suburban cottage to become one of the cleverest woman crooks operating to-day.

CHILDREN BEHIND BARS

THERE is an urgent need for a thorough and extensive investigation into the conditions which obtain at a number of remand homes throughout the country, to which young offenders are sent.

We have before us a number of complaints about the Surrey remand home at Colliers Wood, from parents and others who have visited this establishment.

This remand home, which glories in the title of "Emily Villa," is, as the name suggests, a small house which adjoins an ordinary school play-ground

A barbed-wire entanglement surmounts the high wall which separates the children in the remand home from the happier children in the school playground.

The actual yard in which the boy inmates of this home are exercised is lamentably small, and the unfortunate boys are cooped up for many weary hours each day in two small rooms.

A father who recently visited his son who had been sent to this remand home declares:

"The windows of the house are heavily barred, the place is gloomy, and the appearance of the house suggests a penitentiary.

"There are ten boys in the home, and they are locked up in two small rooms from 7.30 a.m. until 8.30 p.m. every day.

"The sleeping accommodation is in two small bedrooms which have no fires or other system of heating. The arrangements for bathing are primitive."

The psychological effect on a sensitive boy's mind of these conditions may easily be imagined. He may have committed some boyish prank which has resulted in him being haled before a Juvenile Court.

His parents, unused to the procedure at these places, have scarcely had time to realise what is happening, when they learn that the Bench has ordered the boy to a remand home.

So the tearful young offender is led away. The comforts of his home life are exchanged for conditions such as those at Emily Villa, where the unfortunate boy is faced with long, vacant hours of captivity, with little to do except miserably contemplate the iron-barred windows of the room.

There is no reason to believe that the conditions at this remand home are exceptional. Indeed, there has been similar criticism from many parts of the country.

For instance, Alderman F. H. Turnbull, of Cardiff, recently told the local Education Committee that when he visited the Cathays remand home he found seven boys in one room with four beds between them. He added that the condition of the home was a scandal.

It is in such institutions that many juvenile offenders are kept for weeks, even months, until vacancies occur in approved schools. The application of the title "Home" to such places is a travesty.

We urge the necessity of a thorough investigation by the Home Secretary into the conditions we have described.

Have You Seen Page 16?

Next week JOHN BULL will publish a Gift Voucher for its 30th Birthday Gift—Free for every reader. This week on page 16 you are given a special opportunity to invite up to six of your friends to participate in this great Free Birthday Gift. So turn to page 16 now and do your friends a good turn.

JOHN BULL'S 30TH BIRTHDAY

A marvellous

GIFT FREE

to every reader next week

NEXT week is "John Bull's" 30th Birthday, and "John Bull" has planned a marvellous FREE Presentation for every one of its readers—SOMETHING *REALLY* WONDERFUL AND SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW. Your GIFT VOUCHER for "John Bull's" Presentation will be published in *next week's* "John Bull." Remember this Presentation is **FREE** and it is for every reader. Nothing could please "John Bull" more than to see it in the 1,500,000 homes of its readers as a memento of a historic occasion.

In order to give this occasion the widespread national interest it deserves, "John Bull" this week announces a special concession plan. EVERY "JOHN BULL" READER IS GIVEN BELOW SIX INVITATIONS TO HAND ON TO FRIENDS. THESE INVITATIONS WHEN HANDED TO YOUR FRIENDS WILL ENTITLE THEM TO PARTICIPATE IN "JOHN BULL'S" 30TH BIRTHDAY FREE PRESENTATION. You may hand these Invitations on to any number of your friends up to six.

All you are asked to do is to cut out the Invitations below and hand one to each of the friends whom you wish to participate in this Birthday Presentation. Tell them to be sure to get *next week's* "John Bull" containing the Gift Voucher for this unique and wonderful Free Presentation.

"John Bull" feels its readers will greatly appreciate this opportunity which is given to them to invite their friends to share in this great event. It is not often that you have a chance such as this to do your friends a really good turn. Cut out the Invitations and hand them to your friends to-day. Take "John Bull's" word for it—*your friends will not only thank you*—**they will be delighted.**

JOHN BULL'S 30TH BIRTHDAY
FREE CELEBRATION GIFT

Invitation

THIS Invitation entitles a friend of a "John Bull" reader to participate in "John Bull's" Great **FREE** 30th Birthday Presentation which will be announced in the issue of "John Bull" on sale NEXT THURSDAY, June 4th. **N.B. This Invitation should be kept carefully and must be sent in by the friend to whom it is handed *together with* the FREE Presentation Form "A" which will appear in "John Bull" next Thursday.**

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THIS Invitation entitles a friend of a "John Bull" reader to participate in "John Bull's" Great **FREE** 30th Birthday Presentation which will be announced in the issue of "John Bull" on sale NEXT THURSDAY, June 4th. **N.B. This Invitation should be kept carefully and must be sent in by the friend to whom it is handed *together with* the FREE Presentation Form "A" which will appear in "John Bull" next Thursday.**

£50,000 MYSTERY *Charity*

In the shadow of Hereford Cathedral the Society for Aiding the Industrious is run—and Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, whose Department grants the Society a special licence

IN the following article we raise a question of nation-wide interest, namely:—

The local administration of old foundation charities established for relief to the poor and sick.

An endless number of such soundly constituted organisations exist throughout the country. Many follow well and truly the good intentions of their founders. With others the original objective has been diverted through the lapse of time and the change of circumstance.

We have no doubt that a full official enquiry into the present scope of a selected variety of such charities would yield most contrasting information.

Some charities would be discovered which had developed in a remarkable fashion. Others would show evidence that they had shrunk to complete ineffectiveness, and yet still managed to "carry on."

Local challenges

There would be all manner of contrasts. The good and bad charities would be sharply divided.

One of the most strongly entrenched and commercially successful of old charities and one which has lost much of its original character exists in the cathedral city of Hereford. It is called the Hereford Society for Aiding the Industrious, and is an outstanding example of charity expansion along unusual lines.

Now although the Society exists "for aiding the industrious," few of the citizens of Hereford, at the present time, know how that aid is given.

For it is not the habit of the Society to publish an annual report and statement of revenue and charitable disbursements.

Challenges have been issued locally, calling on the Society for Aiding the Industrious to make plain its good deeds. So far no compliance has followed. The members of the management committee—no doubt with excellent reason—prefer to work in secret.

Ninety-five years ago the Society was established by the Rev. John Venn, vicar of St. Peter's, Hereford. He devoted his time and a part of his fortune to building the Society into a really effective body for giving assistance to the industrious poor of the city and its surroundings.

During the lifetime of the founder annual reports and statements of account were always published. The fullest particulars were given.

Benefits were passed to the poor in a variety of ways. There was a winter soup kitchen; a flour mill from which flour was sold at cost price; and coal was purchased during the summer and retailed to the poor during the winter at summer prices. A loan fund and provident bank was another feature. Public baths were built; allotments purchased and let out, and infinite relief effected through different channels.

In 1894, when the founder was eighty years of age, the Society was incorporated as a company *not for profit*, and registered at Somerset House.

Under special licence granted by the Board of Trade the Society is permitted to drop the word "limited" from its title, but only on condition that the charitable objects of its establishment are continued.

Proved failure to carry out those obligations would entail a revocation of this licence.

Membership of the Society is open to any persons "who take an interest in the welfare and objects of the Society." There must be at least seven, and there cannot be more than one hundred members.

And this point is of importance: No members may receive *any payment* by way of dividend or bonus from the income of the Society. The whole of the net income of the Society must be devoted to its declared objects.

With this exception, that the trustees and members of the management committee may receive such remuneration as is voted them at the annual meeting.

Originally it was laid down that the members of the Society should be furnished with a full statement of the annual accounts by post before the annual meeting. This regulation, however, was cancelled by a special resolution passed in 1923.

No disclosure of the trading position of the Society is now posted to members.

Indeed, it is impossible to tell from any available records how many members of the Society still exist!

As to the present position of the Society:—

It is the proprietor of the great Hereford Flour Mills, by far the largest milling business in the county. It holds investments to the value at cost of £30,000; has more than £5,000 in the bank, and owns property, stock and machinery to the extent of £18,000.

No record

During recent years the public baths, opened by the Rev. John Venn, were sold by the Society for a considerable sum. So also was other property which passed to the Herefordshire County Council and the Hereford City Council.

But of the charitable disbursements of the Society, in attainment of its original objects, *there is no public record whatever.*

Mystery surrounds the benefactions of the Hereford Society for Aiding the Industrious.

Thousands of pounds may have been given away, but if so the citizens of Hereford have not been informed of this.

There has been no winter soup kitchen for a considerable time; no sale of cheap coal or flour to the poor; no grant of blankets or medical comforts to the ailing.

Only the eight members of the management committee—the majority of whom are local tradesmen—know the full extent of the good works of the Society.

Proceedings of the committee of this charity, or of the annual meeting, are not reported in the local newspapers.

So the people of Hereford and district—for whom the charity was begun—are in complete ignorance about this remarkable Society.

They are not aware even how much money is voted to the members of the committee for the hard services they give to the Society.

Tell the public

It may be, of course, that the eight members of the committee are the sole remaining effective members of the Society. If such were the case, then the members of the committee would approve their own government in annual meeting.

Truly an amazing position regarding a charity which is unquestionably worth many thousands of pounds.

What is needed—in the interest of all concerned—is the prompt issue of a revenue and expenditure account, which should show exactly what has been made by the Society since 1920; what has been given away in charity, and what has been paid in management fees.

Another point that calls for comment is that veteran servants of the Society have been discharged from employment without pension or benefit. Rather an ironic commentary on a charitable Society for "aiding the industrious."

Past and present members of the committee have laboured hard towards building this old charity into a substantial business concern.

It may be that the trustees are under no obligation to disclose the position of the Society.

But they should dispel the atmosphere of secrecy and tell the public exactly what has been done; particularly how much money has been made; how much has been paid in management, and how much devoted to charity.

BAILEY'S *Bureau of* BLUFF

SOMETHING quite new in astrology is being offered to the public by a concern which glories in the name of the British Institute of Medical Astrology and Metaphysical Science; but following enquiries we deem it necessary to issue a few words of caution.

From its headquarters in Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, it sends out printed circulars extolling the "uses of astrology in everyday life" and offering "counsel and advice" to anyone who is prepared to pay for it.

Its scale of fees is conveniently elastic and it is willing to dispense a humble five shillings' worth of "judgment and advice on important subjects" or a special life horoscope, containing ten years' directions for five guineas.

The Astrological Bureau of the British Institute of Medical Astrology and Metaphysical Science is said to have been founded for two purposes. First, to combat "the growing menace of cheap and unreliable so-called horoscopes offered by pretenders," and, secondly, to enable the public "to obtain correct and reliable astrological work in accordance with the most approved and scientific methods."

For its own part it proposes to apply its scientific knowledge in a way that will prove an infinite boon to all. Health, finance, marriage, travel, friends and enemies, occult and philosophical tendencies and the future are a few of the headings.

* * *

Particularly interesting is the medical side of its work. "Astrology will tell you the strength or weakness of your constitution, the various ailments or accidents from which you may suffer during life," it declares. "It will advise you on your habits, diet, etc., in order that you may keep healthy, and will tell you what to do when your system is run down. In other words, it will tell you how to live and always have good health."

This last-mentioned boon alone should be invaluable, yet we note that a delineation of character, disposition, mental abilities, health, finance, profession and marriage can be obtained from the Institute for 10s. 6d.

Other readings offered include a "Guide to Progress" horoscope for 42s., a "complete horoscope" for 21s., "the Yearly Guide" for 21s., and the "Special Life Horoscope" at £5 5s. Children's horoscopes are supplied at 15s. a time.

All fees, we note, are payable in advance, not, as one might reasonably suppose, to the British Institute of Medical Astrology and Metaphysical Science, but to a certain Mr. E. H. Bailey, "business manager of the Institute and Bureau."

Another odd fact that enquiry reveals is that the registered headquarters of the Institute are given in the files at Somerset House as "The Cottage," Bulstrode Road, Hounslow, and not the Red Lion Court address that figures in its literature.

The mystery deepens when we find that the latter is simply used as an accommodation address where Mr. Bailey calls at intervals to collect letters and, presumably, the cheques and postal-orders of the Institute's clients.

In these circumstances we cannot place much confidence in its remarkable claims.

THRILL FOR YOU

Next week is JOHN BULL's 30th Birthday—a thrilling Birthday Surprise has been planned—it's unique and Free to every reader. Look out for JOHN BULL next week. In the meantime turn to page 16 of this issue and see the special concession extended to every reader.

FOR SUMMER ENERGY

★ About 170 Grapes, 15-20 Almonds, half a pint of fresh, full-cream milk go into every half-pound block of Cadburys Fruit & Nut Chocolate.

How else could you carry so much nourishment in your pocket?

Cadburys

FRUIT & NUT

2OZ 2D

4oz 4d
8oz 7½d

we must have SELO *films*

"It's uphill work," said the Box Camera, "trying to get clear, sharp snaps with inferior films."
"Quite," said the Folding Camera. "It's no use hoping for the best — you must have the best. And that means Selo or Selochrome! How can we be expected to turn out first-rate pictures in the quickly changing light conditions of this country unless we have a film of *latitude* as well as speed?" Her friend added: "In other words, British films for British light."

SELO *1/- for eight* (3¼ x 2¼)—**SELOCHROME** *extra fast 1/2*

A NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF QUACKS

EVIL EYE Society

Eye sufferers should leave quacks alone and seek advice from qualified men

by Sir Wyndham CHILDS

COULD there be anything more ridiculous than to pretend to be able to treat *and cure* defective eyesight through the post?

Yet that claim is made by a business trading in the name of the Havilland Eyesight Institute, under the auspices of the National Eyesight Research Society, with an office address at 60, The Strand, London.

Lately I have received enquiries from members of the public in all parts of the British Isles asking for information as to the standing and good faith of this so-called Institute, and I learn that the firm is attempting to embark on a new advertising campaign.

Therefore I propose—in the hope that I may prevent eye sufferers from wasting their good money—to recount the investigations of my department into this Institute.

First I will deal with the booklet of thirty-two pages, entitled "How to Improve Weak or Failing Eyesight," which is sent out by the Havilland Institute to prospective patients.

In that booklet there is the statement that Ernest Havilland, the "consulting specialist," has been treating various forms of eye trouble for upwards of thirty-five years.

It is high time, seemingly, that Ernest Havilland was stopped from carrying on in this way, for he has no recognised medical qualifications at all. He is simply an advertising quack.

Apparently the principle of Havilland's treatment for all forms of eye disorders consists of massage of the eye muscles with some form of lotion.

"I do maintain," declares this alleged expert, "that unless the complaint (short-sight) is congenital—that is unless the patient is born with short or near sight—then my method of treatment can be of real benefit in 99 cases out of 100."

"The Havilland Method of Liquid Eye Massage" is, we are told, "based on the latest and most approved optical discoveries and principles."

I am assured that all this is so much arrant nonsense from the scientific and medical point of view.

Running through the whole of the literature is the suggestion that, although Havilland would rather see his patients, a visit to him is not imperative. He can deal with all manner of eye troubles by post if only the patient will fill in a printed form headed "Details of Symptoms and Special Particulars."

When the answers to the simple questions on this chart have been filled in and the sum of two guineas forwarded to the Institute, then Ernest Havilland will begin to function.

Should the enquirer fail to respond to the initial sales efforts of the Institute, there ensues a regular bombardment of "follow up" letters. Offers are finally made to accept payment by instalments.

Here is an example of the letter which the Institute sends to the reluctant:—

"Neglect often means that the trouble is getting rapidly worse day by day, with the final result that, not only does the neglect lessen the complete hope of eyesight recovery, but also seriously affects the general health. . . ."

By such frightening argument does Ernest Havilland try to frighten customers into payment of two guineas.

For two guineas a patient receives a cheaply-printed schedule of instructions and the following accessories:—

An eye bath, three packets of tablets, which have to be crushed and dissolved in water and used for washing the eye; a supply of lint pads, a bottle of lotion, and the Havilland "massage apparatus."

The whole bag of tricks could scarcely be worth more than a few shillings, for analysis shows that the lotion is a weak solution of boric acid, and the tablets a simple antiseptic.

A report by a medical authority on the treatment is to the effect that the drugs are harmless, but contain no effective remedy for diseases of the eye.

To charge two guineas for such treatment is just outrageous quackery.

There can be little, if any, justification for the claim that the treatment is a panacea for eye troubles.

But that is not all. It is stated by Havilland that he will not accept certain cases of serious eye disease.

Of course it is fantastic for him to contend that he can differentiate between cases through the post without adequate examination.

Many testimonials are quoted by the Havilland Institute from patients who are reported to have gained benefit from the treatment. Some of these testimonials have been tested, with the result that letters sent to the supposed persons have been returned marked either "gone away" or "not known."

Indeed, the whole of the Havilland Eyesight Institute is open to objection.

Enquiry proves that Ernest Havilland is only a name. The business, at the present time, is owned by the impressively named National Eyesight Research Society, which is a limited company with a capital of £1,000. Ernest Havilland is not even a shareholder!

I would add this emphatic warning: If you are an unfortunate sufferer from eye troubles, seek proper, qualified advice, and do not in any circumstances submit to treatment from an advertising quack.

And, beyond all else, avoid the National Eyesight Research Society and the Havilland Eyesight Institute.

Such businesses form a class which—if the law were properly strengthened—should be forced to close their doors.

This little fire didn't last long. And the fire extinguishing plans of Mr. Ayriss were equally short-lived

A Vanishing *Versatile Villain*

THAT he will try anything once is obviously the principle controlling the methods of Mr. Walter Ayriss, a self-styled man of finance and business ingenuity whose recent exploits beggar fiction.

His schemes have been many and various. When, quite recently, there was talk of money to be made in supplying arms to Abyssinia and other foreign countries, Walter Ayriss went into the arms business.

To those who had responded to his financial advertisements he wrote from Queen Anne's Gate, St. James's, London, as follows:

"I have pleasure to inform you that I have been appointed financial agent for the disposal of large Government stocks of armaments and munitions lying at the Arsenal here, and am now in direct negotiations for their sale to various Governments.

"For the completion of same I require sums of from £50 to £1,500, and am in a position to contract with you for the return of any sum you may put plus a profit of 100 per cent. in ninety days."

HOW many investors he succeeded in finding with an offer of 100 per cent. profit in ninety days we do not know.

But his final exhortation that "the matter brooks of no delay" is understandable when we state that he changed his business address shortly afterwards!

To one caller he talked enthusiastically of netting a profit of £40,000 on one armament deal with a foreign Power, and suggested that the caller should put up £1,000 to cover the cost of sending a representative abroad to demonstrate samples of armaments to the foreign notabilities interested in the deal.

Throughout this scheme he used the alias of H. Berry, and talked as if the armament world was his oyster. Then, of course came the fade-out, when he left everything in the air and turned to a fresh enterprise.

This was to advertise in the financial column of a London newspaper offering to provide finance for approved business undertakings.

He now traded as Berryman, Ltd., but used the same address at Queen Anne's Gate, St. James's London, and the same alias of H. Berry.

A reader living in the provinces put up a proposition which so impressed Messrs. Berryman, Ltd., that he was invited to call and talk the matter over with them. It was then that he made the acquaintance of Mr. H. Berry, who was the general manager of the firm. A considerable sum was extracted from this victim in the way of preliminary fees on the pretext that capital would be raised for a company that was to be formed.

The preliminary articles for the registration of the company were prepared, and a cheery letter was received saying that he had arranged for capital to be introduced in January of this year.

Then came a prolonged silence.

Berry next appeared at Tooting, where he persuaded a firm to allow him to share an office on the promises of business he would introduce.

Meanwhile, those who had business dealings with Berrymans, Ltd., were hot on his trail, and no sooner had they run him to earth at his new office at Tooting than he again disappeared.

He never came back, with the result that his wife and three children, including a crippled daughter, were left in a desperate financial plight.

Previously Ayriss traded as Barclay Sterling and Co., Ltd., and in turn "financed" and became a director of Messrs. Armstrong and Co. (London), Ltd., motor garage proprietors, etc., of Streatham Hill, S.W.

The method adopted by Barclay Sterling and Co., Ltd., to procure finance for Armstrong and Co. (London), Ltd., was to advertise for investor-employees, who provided sums totalling £3,100.

This motor concern broke down and finished its career at the Bankruptcy Court.

ALL the time Walter Ayriss, as Barclay Sterling and Co., Ltd., was still offering to finance concerns up to £50,000.

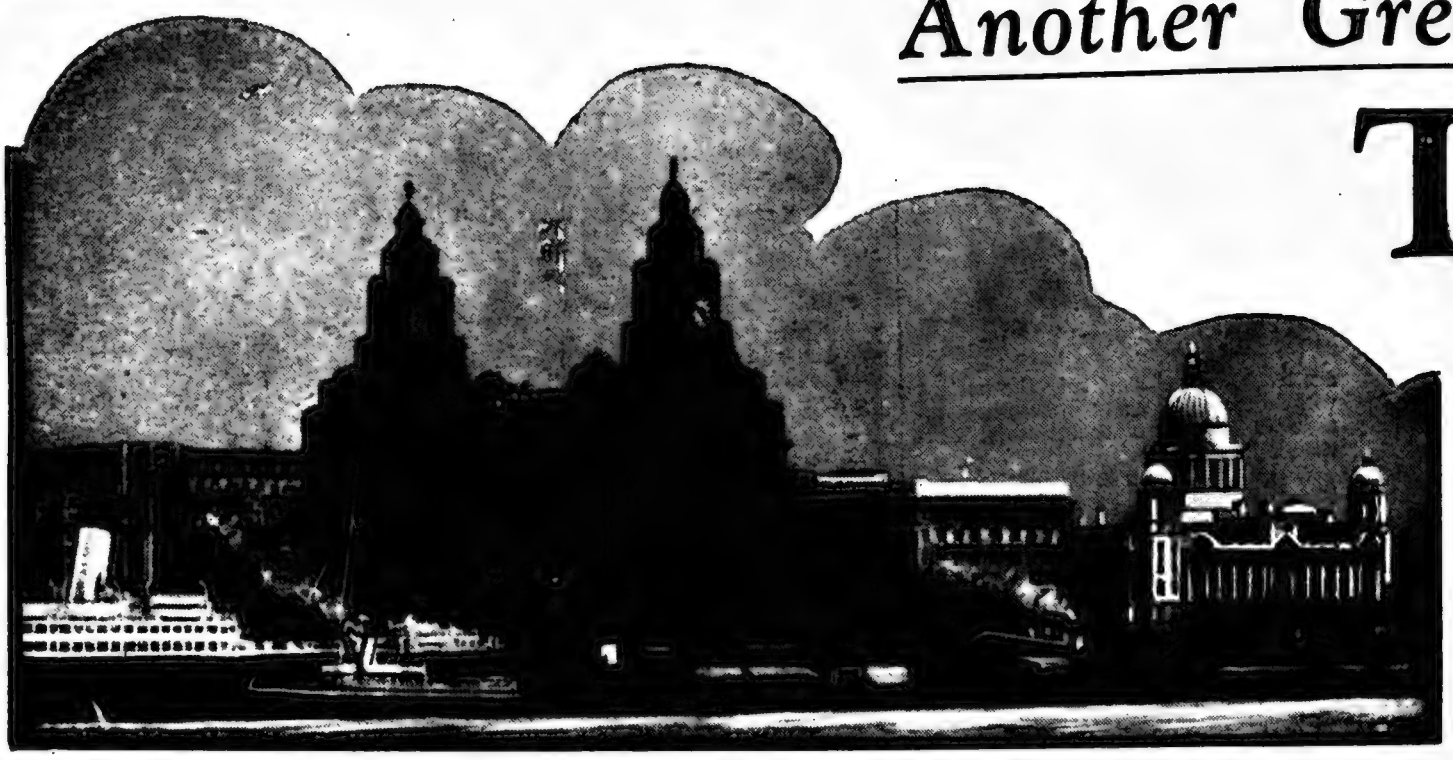
Before that, this versatile and adaptable man of finance was trading as a distributor of fire-fighting appliances with an office in Central London. He was then advertising for agents to sell the firm's fire extinguishers, which were the "last word in Fire Fighting."

Whether it is fire-arms or fire extinguishers, Walter Ayriss, alias H. Berry, is clearly a menace to the commercial community.

When we add that it is not long since Walter Ayriss came out of prison the public will appreciate that he is a man to be avoided at all costs.

Another Great "Leakage

THIRT GR



The people of LIVERPOOL threw their grafting councillor out after it was disclosed that he had been visiting business firms offering to help provide them with municipal contracts . . .

ONE sensational public enquiry—into the Budget leakage — has just ended.

Another must come.

That, we predict, will in its own way be just as sensational as the other.

The charge to be investigated is one of GRAFT, which is alleged to be rampant in at least thirty towns in this country.

As our readers know, we have in the past exposed glaring cases of bribery and corruption in the municipal services.

Now M.P.s themselves are waking up to the evil. A number of them, belonging to all Parties, are at the moment strongly urging the Minister of Health to set up at once a public tribunal to enquire into the accusations.

Dozens of cases have been brought to the notice of the Minister, in which town and county councillors have been involved in deals of a decidedly improper, if not unlawful, type.

The charges made against them cover a wide range, and include the dishonest placing of council tenders, the drawing of secret commissions on contracts, and the acceptance of bribes in return for using undue influence in the allocation of municipal posts.

It is gratifying to JOHN BULL to know that one of the cases lately occupying the attention of officials of the Ministry concerns a disgraceful scandal at Huddersfield which was exposed in our columns.

Disquieting

It is now clear that Huddersfield ratepayers have been gravely deceived by a man who was the head of a firm of local builders and contractors, and at that time was a councillor and sat on both the Housing and Finance committees of the Council.

Some thousands of "subsidy" houses have been built by the Huddersfield Council, and many of the sums involved were paid to the councillor concerned (as builder) on the recommendation of the Housing Committee (of which he was vice-chairman) by the Finance Committee (of which he was a voting member).

When ratepayers began to hear rumours of a disquieting character, a local enquiry was pressed for. It has since come to light that not only was money which had been voted for the erection of houses going to this builder-councillor—or, at least, to a firm in which he was interested—but so also were sums which had been granted as subsidies, which should, of course, have gone to the credit of the house-buyers.

Eventually the matter came to the knowledge of the Minister of Health, and the builder-councillor—who had by that time resigned—agreed to refund certain of the moneys he had thus obtained.

Written off

Some thousands of pounds have, in fact, been refunded to the Huddersfield Corporation. Many more thousands have been "written off" as irrecoverable as the result of this grave mishandling of Government funds.

The suffering house-buyers in particular, and the ratepayers in general, were right in demanding further action, for obviously there must have been considerable laxity, as otherwise such irregularities could never have occurred.

This is but one case of thirty or more which have caused concern to the Ministry of Health.

So staggering are some of the facts placed before the Minister that we can reveal that charges of bribery and corruption have recently been investigated in connection with contracts which run into as much as £60,000, £100,000 and, in one case, over £150,000.

In one instance the chief person to benefit was a councillor who voted at several of his Council's committee meetings, and at the same time was secretly running, through nominees, certain businesses which received municipal contracts on which he voted.

In the case of another town contracts involving the ratepayers in losses of nearly £600,000 have been reviewed, because disquieting allegations of bribery have been made.

Lord Winterton, who has for a long time been trying to stamp out this canker in our municipal life, has brought several privately-investigated and specific instances of corruption to the notice of the Ministry.

In one instance he gave details of a certain council which always, when it needed further houses built or roads made went to the same contractors, without inviting tenders—a most irregular procedure.

Lord Winterton, too, has provided the Minister of Health with instances of leakages of council information where land needed for extension schemes and the like has been bought up by friends of councillors "in the know" and then resold to the councils at grossly inflated prices.

By using the advance knowledge obtained in the course of their public positions, the "graft" councillors have netted their share of the illicit profits.

Many scandals similar to this, in which there have been leakages of secret council information, have come to light during the last year or two. And, with the list an ever-growing one, it is not in the public interest that they should be permitted to die a natural death, with the offenders unpunished.

One scandal, which is being officially investigated, concerns a large building contract for which competition among tenderers was very keen.

Allegations have for a long time been made concerning the original ownership of the land on which the building had been constructed, and regarding the circumstances in which it was ultimately acquired by the council that erected it.

Huge profit

The truth is that the land at one time belonged to a man who sold it, at a very reasonable price, to a private syndicate. The latter acted as a mere nominee for the actual buyer, who is a prominent member of the council concerned, and who was cognisant of the fact that it was admirable for the council's purposes.

So, with his secret knowledge, he got it cheaply through the syndicate and resold it to his own council, making a huge profit.

Another case, which has been investigated on behalf of the Public Prosecutor by a Chief Detective-Inspector of Scotland Yard, concerns the erection of a block of local government buildings.

The chief tenderer, who obtained the contract to supply most of the materials required, which ran into many thousands of pounds, is a relative of one of the most prominent members of the council and possesses a pecuniary interest in the firm which obtained and carried out the contract.

It recently came to light that an architect of the Ely Rural District Council, who had been responsible for several of its housing schemes in the district, had been acting fraudulently in connection with housing contracts.

He had been inviting bribes from certain contracting firms for giving them unfair consideration over those of honest firms. He even went so far as to issue false and forged certificates and accounts in respect of work alleged to have been done.

He was relieved of his post. But what the ratepayers of Ely and district now want to know is why it was possible for him to carry out these irregularities undetected for so long

This scandal is all the graver because only a short while ago there was a graft sensation in the same area involving a very prominent and popular man—a councillor who had voted on contracts and tenders granted to companies in which he held a secret pecuniary interest.

Though the public is kept in ignorance of the fact, irregularities of this kind are growing. Yet prosecutions under the Public Bodies Corrupt Practices Act are comparatively rare.

At Liverpool, recently, a member of the City Council embarked upon an amazing programme of graft.

...kage" Enquiry Must Come

...RTY ...GRAFT TOWNS

Sensational Disclosures

Following the discovery of irregularities in Corporation business, the ratepayers of Huddersfield still look to their Mayor, Mr. Barlow (left), and the Town Clerk, Mr. Procter, to clean up the affair. They will not be disappointed by these upright public servants

A WORTHY EXAMPLE was set recently by Ald. W. G. Tree, Mayor of Worthing (left), who told the Council he would prefer them not to consider his son's tender for a building contract because of the family link. Sir David Milne-Watson (above), who is fighting bribery in public affairs, would have a lighter task if there were more men like Alderman Tree

He approached the director of a large firm of provision merchants, and stated that he was in a position to ensure their getting big contracts from the Corporation.

He suggested that he would require to be well paid for his services on the firm's behalf, adding that there was absolutely nothing to fear in his proposition, "as it was being done by everybody nowadays."

Betrayals of trust

At subsequent interviews he pointed out that the Liverpool Corporation was the largest buyer of provisions in the city, and that with his great influence in the council chamber he could promise that nothing could go wrong. At least £50,000 a year would accrue to the firm as the result of his secret operations, a substantial amount of which he would naturally want for his trouble.

Not content with this, he went to other firms and offered contracts for boilers, water tubes and other goods.

Fortunately, one of the firms very properly gave him away, and he is a councillor no longer.

The indifferent, even reckless, manner in which some councillors endeavour to secure bribes in return for betrayals of trust was manifestly apparent in the case of a man who was prosecuted last year at Durham Assizes, under the Public Bodies Corrupt Practices Act, on a charge of attempting to obtain bribes while a member of a town council.

The defendant was a contractor in the shipping industry and, previously a councillor, was re-elected to the council concerned in 1933. At the time his offences were committed he was a member of the General Purposes Committee and the council was about to appoint a new Borough Engineer.

Armed with the details of the proposed appointment, the dishonest councillor got in touch with three of the applicants for the post and volunteered information about other members of the council whom the applicants would find it useful to impress.

He also offered to use his influence to secure the appointment in return for monetary consideration.

Fortunately, as in the previous case, the corrupt public man did not achieve his mercenary ends, and criminal proceedings were very properly instituted against him.

Mr. Justice Goddard, in sentencing him to a term of imprisonment, made some startling comments.

This is what he said, and his words convey such a striking condemnation of this growing graft evil that they call for the widest publicity:—

"You have pleaded guilty," the judge said, "to three charges of attempting to obtain credit and reward by using your influence to secure the election of municipal officers. It is as thoroughly discreditable an offence as can well be imagined.

"I am afraid there are more cases on this circuit."

Grave View

Later the judge added: "There is too much of this conduct among members of public bodies in this circuit, and it is necessary to pass sentence which will show to other members of public bodies, councillors or aldermen, or any other people, that the law takes a grave view of this class of case."

It is not, of course, possible here to give a complete list of all the towns in which allegations respecting municipal administration, and bribery in one form or another, have been lodged. But to say that the menace is nation-wide is no exaggeration.

In another town, a council official for more than twenty years has obtained money, undetected, and thousands of pounds of public money has been diverted from the ratepayers into his pockets.

Greatest esteem

The central figure in another astounding scandal is a man living at Biggleswade, who until recently was a county councillor, a magistrate, a prominent member of several local government bodies and of the Potato Marketing Board.

In granting council contracts he gave preference to people for bribes.

When he was trapped, he admitted having been corrupt over a long period, for he said, in answer to a question put to him by the trader who finally exposed him to his council colleagues, "Yes, I have been allowed in previous years commissions for myself."

This man was dealt with very leniently owing to the prominent positions he had held in public life, and the fact that he had certainly in earlier years worked well for his municipal[illegible]y.

That anybody holding a public position must conduct himself with the greatest integrity, and sometimes even make sacrifices if he wants to serve his public well, is shown in the case of Alderman W. G. Tree, the present Mayor of Worthing, who deservcs the greatest esteem for an action he recently took in connection with a contract for the extension of the Worthing Hospital.

His son, a local contractor, tendered for the contract, and the Mayor was unaware of the fact that this was so until he saw his son's name in his agenda. He was greatly perturbed, and, though he is not financially interested at all in his son's business, he told his colleagues on the Council, when the matter came up for discussion, that he would rather that the contract went to someone outside his family circle.

The contract was one for £23,256, but despite the assurances of his colleagues that he would be penalising his son if he made him withdraw it, he insisted on this being done.

Another investigation on which the Ministry of Health is now engaged is reminiscent of the notorious Poplar "coal bribery sensation," exposed in these columns two years ago, in which more than £100,000 was involved.

The case which has now come to light goes back many years, and the contracts which have come under review involve in all many hundreds of thousands of pounds.

The allegations are that much of the coal, charged for at prices far in advance of those which should have been listed at the time, disappeared in mysterious circumstances or had to be "thrown away" because it was useless for the purpose for which it had been bought.

The Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League, Incorporated, of which Sir David Milne-Watson, LL.D., D.L., is the President, does much useful work in stamping out bribery and in helping to bring offenders to book.

Akin to blackmail

Although prosecutions in this class of offence are very difficult to bring about, the League has successfully achieved this end in several bad cases during the past few years.

But the task is one in which the Government ought to take a much more active part.

Graft has been described by several judges as something "akin to blackmail."

It is certainly something that should have no place in our public life.

That is why we demand that the Minister of Health should at once set up a public tribunal to investigate the cases of corruption, alleged or real, that are now engaging the attention of the Ministry.

And we hope that the M.P.s who are urging an enquiry will not rest until adequate action is taken on the lines we suggest.

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You will be pleasantly surprised at the lovely sandwiches you can make with HOVIS. Take a few on your next holiday outing.

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'Lemons for me'

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

60 MILLION LEMONS YEARLY

Operated on by a MADMAN

THE strangest experience of my life happened some years ago, when I was on my honeymoon voyage from Adelaide and way ports to Liverpool. I was skipper of the *Prestwake*, a small tramp steamer, which had been on a three-year charter in Australian waters.

I had met my future wife while visiting friends in Adelaide, and when the charter was finished and I had orders to return to Liverpool with a cargo of grain and one hold of general goods, my fiancée—I'll call her Mary here—and I decided to be married so that she could return with me.

To have left her behind would have meant a parting that might have lasted for years before I ever sailed the same route again.

From Adelaide we went up the west coast to L——. We had just completed our loading when the stranger appeared. He came racing along the wooden wharf and up the gangway, just about two minutes before we were due to clear.

I was standing on the bridge-deck at the time, and Mary was with me, before going up to the bridge to take the *Prestwake* out of the river to the sea.

He bounded on to the main deck, and I heard his voice down below demanding to see the captain immediately—a cultured voice, but high-pitched with excitement.

Jeffreys, my chief officer, remonstrated with him; but he persisted, and I called down to ask what the trouble was. Without a word he turned, raced for the ladder and came up on top, a moment later, standing breathless and flushed in front of Mary and me.

He wore a dilapidated wide-brimmed felt hat, of the stetson type, and a light flannel suit, baggy at the knees and well-worn. He was coatless, and his only baggage was a small attache-case.

As he took off his hat I saw that his dark hair was flecked with grey—prematurely, for he seemed only about thirty-eight at the most. He was very tall and thin, with a studious stoop and a noticeable tiredness in his eyes.

Without any preamble, as if driven by some tremendous urgency, he asked for a passage to England, or at least to some port en route where he might pick up a fast mail-boat for London. Well, I demurred.

We weren't a passenger ship; not even an intermediate. And in any case, the only cabin available was the small room on the starboard side of the fo'c'sle head which was our sick-bay, when required.

▣ ▣ ▣

I explained this to him, but he didn't seem to be listening very intently. Into his eyes had come a preoccupation, just as if he were dreaming on his feet. Then he seemed to shake himself, and he looked at Mary and a smile hovered nervously on his mobile lips. Suddenly he frowned and stiffened.

"I can pay," he explained briskly. "Can't you get out of the regulations by signing me on at a shilling a month or something? I can pay—right now," he added, and from a hip-pocket he pulled out a roll of paper money, and as he unfolded them I saw that they were mostly English banknotes.

"Please," he pleaded, with a new desperation. "I'm Doctor S—, of A—," mentioning a bush town about fifty miles north-east. "My wife went home last summer for her health. I've just had a cable that she is dangerously ill in a sanatorium in the South of England. Please, can't you take me somehow? I'll work, if you like. Do anything. And I don't mind if I sleep on deck."

▣ ▣ ▣

He paused and looked at Mary, then his eyes met mine. "My wife—she may be dying," he added, so quietly that it semed as if he whispered on top of a shuddering sigh.

He stopped, emotion gripping him. I looked at Mary. And I saw in her eyes that she was asking me to let this man get home as quickly as possible.

We were so newly married ourselves, and the little death a parting means had not yet come our way. I remember wondering in a flash what I would do if she were lying gravely ill 12,000 miles away . . .

"All right," I said to Dr. S——. "I think I can fix it. But I'll have to get out of the river now before the tide runs back . . ."

There were quick tears in his eyes as I spoke. He gripped my hand fervently and blessed me to my great embarrassment. And so The Man Who Wanted Home came aboard, with a load of mystery and drama none of us ever dreamed about.

A strange fellow, he was; like an English spring—moody, sometimes bright and friendly and full of life, and at other times lost in deep and agitated contemplation as he strutted up and down the decks, practically ignoring the rest of us, and once, for a stretch of three days, never opening his mouth beyond saying, "Good morning," or "Please" and "Thanks."

There was a weird night when he strode interminably from wing to wing of the lower bridge just outside our cabin—to and fro, to and fro, until his restless, echoing feet so got on my wife's nerves and mine that I 'phoned up to the bridge to ask the second mate to send the spare man on watch to invite the doctor with my compliments to go to bed at once and sleep off his worry.

One day I asked him, just after we had taken the noon reckoning, when he was on the bridge watching us, if he wouldn't like to send a radiogram to enquire about his wife. "No—no," he said, as if suddenly and terribly afraid. "I—you see—I daren't. It might be——" He shrugged, turned on his heel, and walked off the bridge.

Yet that afternoon he was the

(*Continued on page 24*)

"I must operate at once—it's the only chance—I'm sorry, but that's the truth"

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES

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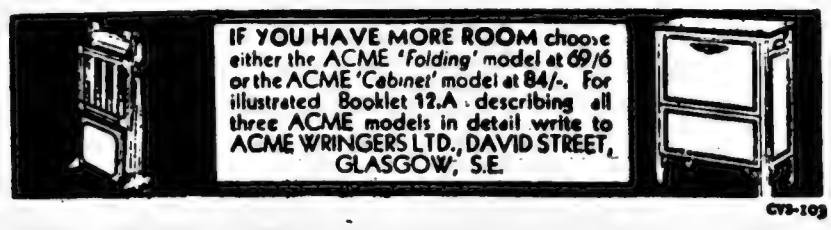

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Operated on by a Madman—continued from page 22

brightest man on the ship, joking with everyone, devising a variation of deck quoits with the aid of the carpenter for my wife, and in the evening treating us to some anecdotes of his adventures while doctoring in the bush. When in those moods, he was one of the finest companions you might wish for.

I received a wireless order from my owners telling me to cut out the Singapore call for general cargo and proceed direct to Colombo. I told Dr. S—— that we had the best part of two and a half thousand miles to cover before he could catch a fast mail-packet for London.

But he was in one of his brighter moods. He smiled and nodded, and said that he was enjoying my wife's company and mine so much that he didn't really care—which struck me as a mighty queer thing for a man to remark when he was so obviously weighed down with personal tragedy and apprehension.

Yes, a strange, strange man. I told my wife I was sure the fellow was mental. She laughed at me and said I was imagining things. "You'd behave like a madman, too," she suggested, "if you were in his shoes, wouldn't you?" And, looking at Mary, my wife of less than a month, I instantly agreed that I would.

Well, any doubts that I might have had about allowing Dr. S—— to travel with us were dissipated one day, to the north of Cocos Islands, when my wife suddenly sickened and remained in bed with a rising temperature.

▣ ▣ ▣

All that day she seemed to get worse; severe abdominal pains developed, and when I went to my skipper's medicine chest and turned up the pages of the medical reference, I horrified myself by coming to the conclusion that Mary was suffering from appendicitis.

Hiding my anxiety from her, I gave her the prescribed medicine, praying all the while that my diagnosis was wrong. But she took me by surprise a few hours later by telling me that she was sure she had appendicitis.

For the moment I forgot all about Dr. S——, our strange passenger. He had been in one of his dumb and black moods for a day or two. I had a radio call sent out to any ship's surgeon who might happen to be in the vicinity. But our luck was dead out; the nearest ship with a surgeon on board was a thousand miles north and west of our position.

It was then, as I stood outside the wireless cabin on the boat deck, that Dr. S—— walked into my troubled awareness. He asked me if my wife was ill as he had not seen her since lunch time the previous day. I was glad to have him to talk with; and as I described the symptoms to him I saw him change under my very eyes as he stood in the light from the wireless cabin bulkhead. His eyes sharpened and seemed to become clear and alive, suddenly awakening; his whole body taughtened and when he spoke it was the voice of a man of authority, of a man sure of himself, confident and vital.

"If you're right, we can't lose a moment," he said. "I don't want to—to presume, but I think I have a right to—well, to suggest.

"After all, I owe you a great deal—both of you—for your kindness to me. Will you let me examine your wife and see if anything can be done?"

▣ ▣ ▣

I went to Mary, who was lying in a sweat of agony. I told her what our passenger had said. And she instantly agreed. So did I—for the thought of anything happening to her filled me with chill horror.

Dr. S—— did more than confirm our fears. He said that we could not wait a day longer, far less a problematical three or four days until a ship came alongside. "Acute appendicitis," he emphasised. "I must operate as soon as possible. It's the only chance—I'm sorry, but that's the truth."

I had the ship turned into what little wind was blowing across the Indian Ocean at the time; and the engines were slowed almost to a stop, so that we were hove-to practically vibrationless.

I waited on the bridge in a stupor of apprehension while the doctor, with the aid of the chief steward, an elderly man who was already devoted to my wife, performed his miracle of healing with the few instruments my medical box contained.

And so this man I would have turned off my ship remained to save my wife's life. I could never repay him sufficiently. Never.

I offered him any fee within reason he cared to ask for. But he shook his head, smiling sadly, and said: "I did that for friendship. Remember, my friend, I was only the poor instrument in other hands. . . ."

And for two whole days he went back into his morbid preoccupation, almost going out of his way to avoid me, except when he went to see how Mary was progressing.

Before we reached Colombo Mary was well on the road to recovery and sitting on the bridge-deck in the brilliant sunshine. At Colombo, Dr. S—— left us for good. We asked him to come and see us when we arrived in England, and hoped that he would find his wife greatly improved in health when he saw her.

He shook his head. "Happiness doesn't come my way twice," he replied enigmatically.

Then he shook hands with Mary, took my hand in his and held it, and seemed to be going to say something. But emotion trembled on his lips, and he turned away, carrying his little attaché-case with him, and ran down to the gangway's end and along the dockside without ever looking back.

▣ ▣ ▣

Certainly a strange, strange man. Like someone half in a dream and going a road he does not seem certain about, if he cares at all.

For weeks afterwards he cropped up in our conversation several times a day. We made Liverpool safely; and we were there for two weeks and then went to load at Glasgow—but we never saw Dr. S——, again. . . .

Eighteen months later we were to hear the truth about him, the terrible truth about our strange Samaritan. At first we refused to believe it—we just could not believe it. But then, learning it as we did in the very port of L——, where we had first made his acquaintance, we gradually came to see, with increasing proof, that this was the stark and awful truth which shook us so profoundly.

He, the man who had saved my wife's life, was a wanted murderer. He had killed his own wife and a mining surveyor when, upon returning to his home from a trip into the bush to an isolated station, he had found them together.

The murder had been a particularly gruesome and expert affair; and it had not been discovered until the doctor had disappeared—until, in fact, he had sought refuge on board the *Prestwake*.

All the time he was with us the law had been spreading its invisible net across the world. And he was arrested on board the London-bound liner he had caught at Colombo, when within three days of the English Channel and home.

He was taken back to Australia; and at his trial he was found to be guilty but insane—and he had been insane when he was with us.

But of one thing I am for ever certain—and my wife with me—and that is that that day Providence made Dr. S—— the humble instrument of our greater blessing, there was no saner man alive.

NEXT WEEK

How a grim joke nearly came true with fatal results is the theme of next week's story by a reader who found himself trapped alive just when he had secured a job after months of unemployment

Greatest of These—

Run Over

PEARL'S mother is in terrible grief, for her six-year-old little son, Reggie, was killed by a motor bus in the Gray's Inn Road on Saturday, May 16.

"I was upstairs, with my eighteen-months-old baby, and Reggie, I thought, was playing quite safely in the yard belonging to our block of flats," she told us, "when a woman ran in and told me Reggie was under a bus. I flew downstairs, but my husband was already in the ambulance with the boy on the way to Bart.'s Hospital.

"He was constantly with me and was such a little pal. It is a consolation to think that he could not have suffered as he was killed instantly.

"It has been a very rough period, as my husband has been unemployed for thirteen months, and we have only his unemployment pay. My baby was in hospital with bronchial pneumonia in March, and was at death's door. They did wonders for him in the hospital, and I was so joyful to get him home again. I lost another boy six years ago, who, had he lived, would have been eight now.

"I am always with my children, and have not been to the pictures once since I have been married."

Little Pearl, who was Reggie's constant playmate, will be four years old in June. Because Pearl's mother has had such a hard fight with poverty and is stricken with grief, we ask our sympathetic readers to spare a donation earmarked "Pearl," which, as in the case of donations for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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YET YOURS ARE ALWAYS SNOWY WHITE
AH! THAT'S MOTHERS CLEVER WASHING
MOTHER ALWAYS USES OXYDOL — OXYDOL IS THE ONLY THING THAT EVER GETS THINGS REALLY WHITE.
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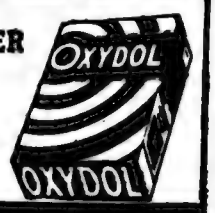

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"Tired Skin" kept her from happiness—

BUT . . .

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JOAN DEAR, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR COMPLEXION
HOW CAN I HAVE A GOOD SKIN WHEN I WORK IN THE CITY ALL DAY...
CHEMIST
USE KNIGHT'S CASTILE.. IT'S SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE!
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There is no charge for entries in the Allinson monthly photographic competition, yet the prizes are handsome ones—£40, £20, £10 and 7 of £5, *every month* up to and including September. Entries are confined to photographs submitted for Allinson's free enlargements, and you enter automatically for the competition when you send in your snap. No formalities whatever! The judging will be in the hands of three independent experts, including the Art Editor of the "Daily Mail," and successful competitors will be notified at the close of each month's competition. Look out that good snap *now*, send it up for free enlargement, and enter for a really good prize!

CONDITIONS & RULES

The enlargement or the pen and pencil set are available free for 30 Allinson paper vouchers, one of which is round every loaf—OR IF YOU PREFER YOU MAY SEND ONLY 20 VOUCHERS ACCOMPANIED BY A POSTAL ORDER FOR ONE SHILLING. Other vouchers in Allinson products also qualify for these gifts—4 to every 3½ lb. bag of Allinson Wholewheat Flour, 4 to each full-sized packet of Allinson Windmill Oats, 4 to each full-sized packet of Barlets and 4 to each 10½d. size Natural Food for babies.

The coupon below has been given a value equivalent to 4 vouchers. Instead of 30 vouchers, send only 26 and this coupon — or instead of 20 vouchers and 1/-, send this coupon with only 16 vouchers and 1/-.

Fill in your name and address on the coupon, and send it in with the photograph (print preferred if possible, otherwise film or plate). Only one coupon is acceptable for each gift, but you may apply for as many as you require, provided each application is accompanied by not more than one of these coupons together with the requisite number of vouchers or amount of cash. Closing date, September 30th, 1936.

Every snapshot received is automatically entered for the monthly 100 guinea competition, and winners are notified by post each month.

If you do not succeed one month, you can have another try on the following month, and so on. No competitor can win more than one prize in any one month—and all professional competitors are barred. In every case the judges' decision is absolutely final, and no correspondence can be entered into regarding this competition.

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Those tired feet

will

dance tonight!

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You're lucky

but Shakespeare . . .

well — look at the picture. It's very clear that there was no efficient Brilliantine in his day or his hair would never have looked like that. We can even imagine his wife asking: "Is it really As You Like It?" And his reply: "No my dear, but it Hathaway of its own. I can't do a thing with it." Now here's a brilliantine that really makes hair behave. Field's Lavender Solid Brilliantine gives you hair-smartness and hair-health. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff — the causes of baldness. A full-size tin costs only 3d. You can pay four times as much — but *why should you?*

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IN THE FAMOUS Lavender SERIES

Try Field's Lavender Shaving Stick or Shaving Cream. Also Toilet Soap, Liquid Brilliantine, Hair Cream, Dental Cream, Bath Cubes, Talcum Powder. Obtainable everywhere.

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Strictly Anonymous . .

"Picture my agony as, beside the empty cot, I fondled those tiny garments"

I Signed Away MY CHILD

YES; I have a secret chapter of my life that I have always been afraid to reveal to a soul, and I welcome this opportunity of unburdening myself, if only on paper. For years I have been tortured by the thought that I have no friend in whom to confide.

Since I wear no wedding ring no one suspects me of being other than a single woman. Even the most intimate among my acquaintances have no inkling of the truth, and I have often been told laughingly that I ought to consider myself lucky to be free from the worries of domesticity.

When I listen to such chidings I smile; but it is a forced smile and there is an ache in my heart.

How I would welcome the ties of domesticity and family cares now! But I forfeited my right to such happiness when, in a moment of despair, I signed away my only child. Too late I realised the enormity of the act, and though I have regretted it almost constantly in the years that have since passed, the wrong was one that could never be undone. But I must go back to the beginning in order to make my story clear, to the time when I was a carefree girl in my 'teens.

Like many another girl, I was too easily attracted by a well-groomed, polite-spoken and rather refined mannered young man. It seemed to be a case of love at first sight on both sides, though infatuation on mine might be nearer the truth.

At any rate, I was "carried away" with his fine words and finer stories of his position in business life, which he certainly lived up to until after we married.

Then my eyes were quickly opened. Soon he was in half a dozen jobs, having as he put it, resigned the one for a better. As each new job was not bringing forth any more money than the previous one (and that was but a couple of pounds per week), I remonstrated with my husband and pointed out to him the foolhardiness of his being so restless.

When I reminded him of the baby to come it seemed to steady him a little, and at last he found a good job and stuck to it, as I hoped, for good.

Promises

STILL I only got a bare allowance for food and household necessities, with nothing left to put away for the coming event. My suspicions of my husband gambling were well founded, for on challenging him he admitted it, but buoyed me up with the promise that a "good thing" had come off and soon, very soon, I would have more money than I ever dreamed of.

The latter part of his promise was exaggerated, for while I got more than had been usual since my marriage, the extra was nothing to brag about. Strife between us was of daily occurrence right up to the day my baby girl was born.

Just as I was getting back to normal health news reached me that my husband had been arrested. I half ran, half tottered to the police station, hoping, praying, that any crime he had committed was of a petty nature.

Naturally, all kinds of thoughts rushed through my mind. What if my husband had gambled with his employer's money? What if he had struck a fatal blow at someone when challenged about the embezzlement? What if he had actually committed murder?

Callous though he might be, surely my husband was not a criminal? But my charitable thoughts were speedily shattered. First came the revelation that my husband had never held any genuine employment at all. The money I got from him week by week was the part proceeds from burglaries!

His latest one was the most serious, that of burglary with violence of a brutal nature upon an old man.

Many previous convictions prior to his meeting me for the first time were all read at my husband's trial, and finally he was sentenced to five years. I collapsed from the shock and was immediately rushed to hospital, where I lay for some weeks, my baby being looked after elsewhere.

The past is rather blurred to me, but I have a recollection of someone making the suggestion that my dear little baby should be adopted.

At first I wouldn't listen, but then I pictured baby's struggles through life, the stigma of a convict father, and with a mother who possibly might be more of a hindrance than a help.

I was very weak and ill and imagined that I was going into a decline. Baby's future welfare had to be considered. Was it right of me to stand in her way?

At last I submitted to the suggestion of adoption and signed the papers relinquishing all claims upon her. My mind being then in such a weak state I hardly remember anything of the preliminaries, but (and the thought still haunts me) when I realised what I had done I nearly lost my reason.

I had given my darling baby away to utter strangers when too weak to grasp what I was doing. I still rave at the tempters for allowing them to persuade me, and more do I upbraid myself for being so utterly callous to my baby in giving her into other hands and relinquishing all claim in her for evermore.

At the time I speak of my sanity was not altogether impaired, for I was able to pick up threads of conversation (while thought to be asleep) which gave me the name and residence of the wealthy people who had adopted my darling.

When finally I was discharged from hospital and reached home, the empty cot nearly unhinged me again. Picture my agony as I fondled the tiny garments made by my own hands!

Bitter memories

IN a moment of thoughtlessness and despair, if not actually in anger, I burned the lot. Now and then I knew not where I was or what had happened, nor did I seem to care what became of me.

I was sorely tempted to drown my sorrow in any form of degradation, no matter how low. It was just at that stage that a friend found me, and, after consolation and practical help, I pulled myself together.

For my husband I had no thought. Even to this day he is as dead to me. Years have passed, years of bitter memories and tragic happenings, recently vividly revived by seeing—yes, 'tis true, my darling baby dressed as a bride, escorted up the steps of a fashionable church!

I could almost have called out her name and rushed to clasp her in my arms, but dare not. Sobbing bitterly, to the astonishment of the onlookers, I ran off, condemned by my own act to life-long mental torture.

Life's burden

MAY I yet have forgiveness, if not solace. Naturally, I still assume the rôle of a single woman with the hope that I shall never be found out—not so much for my own sake as for the sake of my baby, whom I so callously signed away.

Such is my secret story. In telling it I have at least found some relief from a heart's burden which has weighed me down for years.

Perhaps it may also serve to save some other young mothers from making the same fatal mistake that I made. If so, my confession will have been doubly worth while.

Odol CLEANS TEETH

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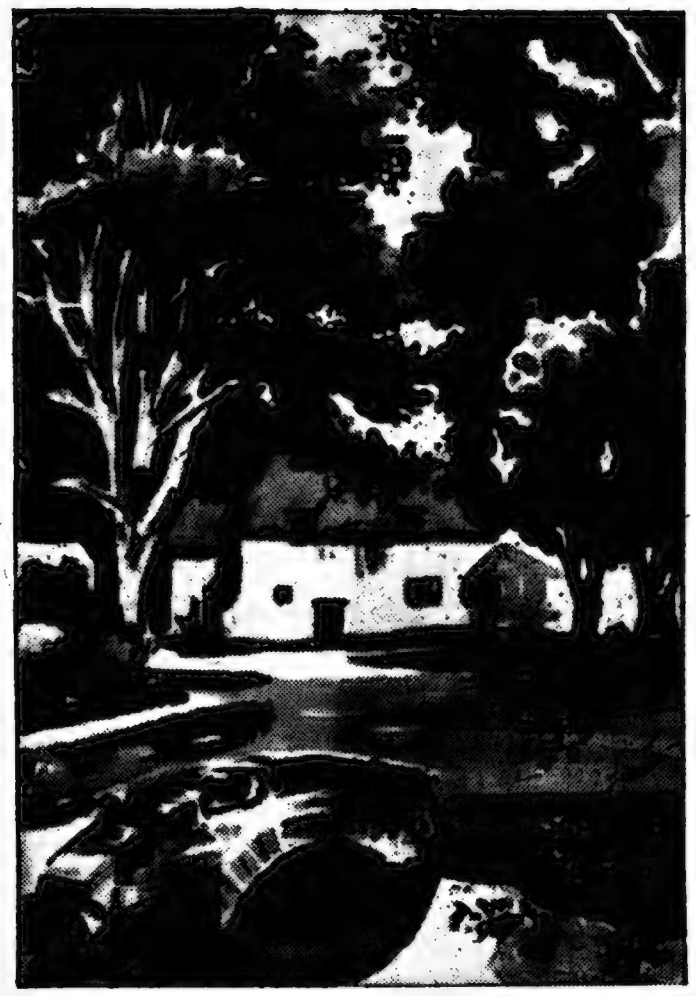

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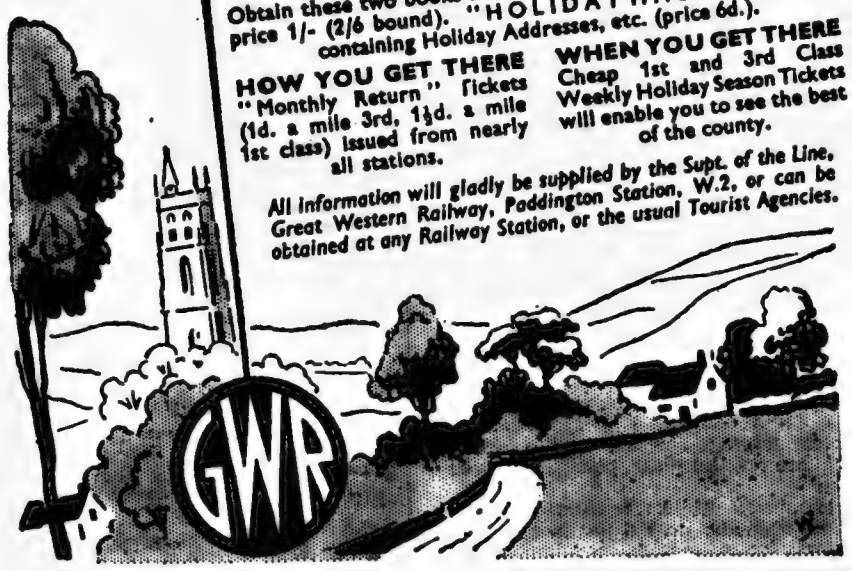

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31.

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You may have an address in the telephone book — but is it really and truly your own? Or do you pay for the privilege of living in somebody else's house? If you are weary of rent-paying the Abbey Road Building Society is at your service, to assist you to become the owner of your home.

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FREE A fascinating book of modern colour schemes showing how to choose the right colours for each room, and painted specimens of all Maisone colours. Free in response to a postcard with your name and address in block capitals. Lewis Berger & Sons Ltd. (Dept. B. 2), Homerton, London, E.9.

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BERGER PAINTS

NONE other than that homely, familiar figure—the village postman—became, unwittingly, a messenger with a load of peril in an English hamlet the other day. For he carried to two households at Bunny, six miles from Nottingham, postal packages which held deadly poison.

Carefully wrapped in ordinary parcels were chocolate and sweetmeat eggs. A covering typewritten letter suggested that they were sent to the recipients as free samples from a Midland firm of manufacturers. In the heart of the eggs was a deposit of strychnine mixed with the cream. Adults and children who ate those innocent-looking chocolate eggs became seriously ill. . . .

Once again the poisoner by post was at work!

The county police found themselves confronted with an amazing case, for it was quickly learned that the secret distributor of poison by parcel post had scattered potential death in other places.

There was evidence that five months ago the same kind of alleged advertising gift of chocolate creams had reached women in Nottingham City. When tasted the chocolates produced severe illness, with the symptoms of acute poisoning.

Detection difficult

Constantly these attempts at poisoning by post go on. Sometimes the culprit has been identified and prosecuted and usually has been found to be a woman.

Detection of the postal poisoner presents exceptional difficulties, since the general postal service as a distributing agency is open to everybody.

Poison packets are nearly always posted at a large general office at which thousands of parcels are handled every day. So as to give no handwriting clue, communications enclosed with the gift are usually typewritten; formed of letters cut from a newspaper and pasted on paper in message form; or else printed.

There remain only the postmark, the quality of paper used for wrapping and the message, the cardboard box, and the sweets to be traced to a source of purchase.

Even with all the resources at the command of the police, and the special detective branch of the General Post Office which always assists in these investigations, such a search is usually hopeless.

First steps taken by the police are directed towards ascertaining if any persons are known to have had differences and quarrels with the recipients of the poison packets. Vengeance is generally the motive.

On the other hand, the individual who despatches poisoned sweets or cake through the post is sometimes insane. Therefore the packets may be sent out in a haphazard fashion—names and addresses of recipients being chosen by chance from a directory in a public library.

Or the poisoner by post may be a normal person in everyday life, yet at moments obsessed with an ungovernable desire to injure and kill at a safe distance. Satisfaction comes to such poor wretches from the publicity and consternation their efforts cause. They have the same kind of distorted, sadistic brain as the writer of scurrilous anonymous letters.

Records show that sweets are the most common medium for postal poisoning, for they are most likely to be received without suspicion.

A box of chocolates is such an ordinary present. If such a parcel comes without a covering letter to indicate the donor, then the receiver naturally imagines that an explanatory communication may be arriving by a following post. So the chocolates are eaten without examination, and without suspicion.

Sometimes the injection of the poison into the sweets is done so crudely as to defeat the object of the sender. This was so when a parcel of poisoned chocolates reached the house of an Oxfordshire farmer. The sweets had been sprinkled with salts of lemon, as though covered with sugar crystals, but the sprinkling had been overdone.

Similarly with a two-ounce block of chocolate posted to a home in Barry, South Wales. The tinfoil around the chocolate had been removed and the block covered with a creamy substance made up of white flour and phosphorus paste used for rat poisoning. Then the tinfoil was replaced, but so carelessly that the present was passed on to the police.

Despicable

A postal poisoner using strychnine nearly killed two men at Bainbridge, County Down, Ireland. They ate chocolate which had come through the post in a white cardboard box, with the printed message "With best wishes." Only prompt hospital attention saved them.

A despicable attempt to cause pain and disfigurement by posted poison occurred not long ago in London. A pretty young woman, whose engagement had been announced, was delighted to receive one morning a large bottle of what was apparently perfume in a handsome presentation case.

Only by accident, by trying the scent on a handkerchief, was it found that the perfume contained a blistering chemical, which would have burned and scarred the flesh if used on the face or body. The fabric of the handkerchief was eaten away where the perfume was dropped upon it.

Jealousy again was supposed to underlie a poison effort directed against a wealthy girl living in a North Country industrial town. This young woman was an attractive personality and had a number of admirers. Her success had also created a certain amount of envy amongst feminine rivals.

The girl was at home one evening with her parents when the postman delivered a large box of candy, addressed to the daughter of the house, and containing a typewritten message: "I promised this. Guess from whom it comes."

With some excitement the girl opened her present, and ate several of the sweets. Although the box was passed round in the room no other member of the family tasted the contents.

In a short time the girl collapsed and was violently sick. For days afterwards she was ill. The cause: those sweets had been contaminated with arsenic.

Certain cases of suspected poisoning by post are reported to the police which on investigation prove to be entirely imaginary.

A woman rang up the police with the information that a present of cosmetics had reached her with no indication as to the donor. She declared that after using the lipstick which was in the box she became unconscious, and she was sure she had been poisoned. Enquiries revealed that it was a case of hysteria, imagination and lying.

Poison by post is one of the most cowardly and contemptible of all crimes. For that reason it is one in which the police and the postal authorities spare no effort to bring the offender to justice.

His or her punishment is invariably severe.

POISON *by* Post

Death in the postman's bag . . . One of the boxes of poison eggs that were recently sent through the post

The Open Door

OFFICERS concerned with the prevention of fires might well follow the example of the chief of the Shipley Brigade, in Yorkshire, who has given a word of very sound advice to householders.

The "chief" we mention has suggested to householders in his district that before retiring for the night the last to go to bed should see that all the doors are closed.

A very simple precaution, but a very necessary one, as he found not long ago, when his brigade turned out to a fire—a fire that almost proved a disaster for the cottagers dwelling in the house.

A heavily upholstered chair in the sitting-room was the cause of the trouble, for it was left a little too near the fireplace, with the result that soon after everybody had gone to bed the house was filled with smoke and fumes.

There is no need to describe the scene, for we most of us know how quickly smoke can become a full conflagration. A door ajar, a window open, with only the staircase to afford an outlet, flames and scorching heat belching up into the bedrooms—how often we hear the story!

But in this instance the fire burned in the sitting-room, and was confined there, while father, who kept his head, carried the children to safety.

The damage was considerable, and with the charred remnants of a suite of furniture around them, the parents surveyed the blackened ruins.

Fortunately for them, they were registered readers of JOHN BULL, and within a few days of making application they received a cheque covering the full extent of their loss.

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"That's why their teeth are always so beautifully white."

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GIBBS SUPER FATTED SHAVING CREAM

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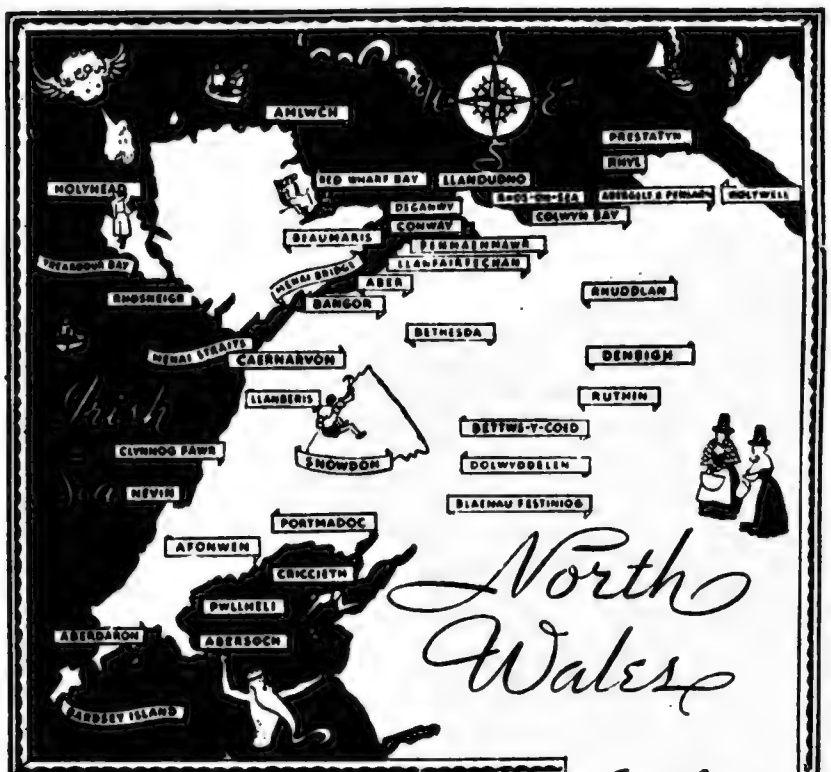

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Study the coastline of North Wales and observe what a string of alluring resorts it presents. No other coast offers, within so compact an area, such opportunity for "fresh fields and pastures new."

Here you will find resorts that meet every need for the complete holiday—gay promenades—fine sands—quaint and quiet coves and fishing villages—games and amusements in abundance.

And the hinterland offers a wealth of magnificent scenery such as few other places can offer—mountains, wooded valleys, tumbling waters, quiet streams and delightful old-world villages. North Wales is the pedestrian's paradise.

You can make a full acquaintance with all the beauties of North Wales with an L M S Holiday Contract Ticket which gives you the freedom of the line within the area for a whole week for 10/-.

Go to North Wales this Summer and explore it day by day, finding new scenes and new delights.

The Illustrated Folder "North Wales" (free) can be obtained from any L M S Station or Office.

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TWO Magnificent FREE OFFERS and a Coupon worth 1/- to You!

DON'T overlook the special offer on p. 25. In return for a number of vouchers from loaves of ALLINSON BREAD you have the choice of two unique gifts! Turn to the offer now, read it carefully and be sure to cut out and preserve the coupon for your future use. It is worth 1/-!

You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

The refreshment of lime comes to you in Rowntree's Lime Fruit Pastilles. You will also find Lime in Rowntree's Mixed Gums or Pastilles—with lemon, tangerine, blackcurrant—apricot, strawberry, raspberry, plum, gooseberry.

Try them between smokes!

DON'T FORGET! Rowntree's Fruit Clear Gums (*Hard*) and Fruit Pastilles (*Medium*) are sold loose 6d. per ¼ lb.; in packets, 2d., 3d. and 6d. Juicy-Fruits (*Soft*) 6d. per ¼ lb.; in packets, 6d. Lime Fruit Pastilles alone—loose, 6d. per ¼ lb., and in packets 2d. and 6d.

Ser. 5 J.B.

INDIGESTION

Gone—in 5 minutes

'For the past two years I have suffered greatly from indigestion. During that time I have tried many remedies, some of which were fairly good, others entirely useless. However, it has been left to your Digestif Rennie to render me the great service. I purchased a sixpenny box about a week ago, and being in pain at the time, swallowed one tablet. In exactly five minutes the pain had completely gone. I was amazed at the speedy action of the tablet. Hitherto, when using other remedies I had considered myself lucky if I obtained relief in a few hours!'

A. McM., Edinburgh.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles go to the root cause of indigestion in a way that has never been done before. They contain antacids which neutralise excess acid—the cause of nearly all digestive disorders. When excess acid has been neutralised indigestion *simply cannot start*. And in the marvellous Digestif Rennie Formula there are also absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments which *actively help to digest food*. End your indigestion once and for all with this amazing new scientific discovery Digestif Rennie Pastilles are pleasant to take and they're handy: each one is individually wrapped in waxed paper.

To Open just pull Twist.

Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own Chemist. Trial Size 6d., Family Size 1/9.

YOU SUCK IT LIKE A SWEET

HUMAN DOCUMENTS *by* PHILIP INMAN

Blackmailing his Mother

The eleven-year-old blackmailer needs the sternest treatment from his father, or he may become the hardened criminal of to-morrow

NO lover of young people objects to the fact that "boys will be boys." Youthful pranks and harmless mischief are part of the make-up of every healthy youngster. It is when boys become young hooligans and budding criminals that stern measures are necessary.

Here, for instance, is a lad of eleven who is blackmailing his own mother. The story is a long one, but I will condense it as much as possible.

This woman has been married for twelve years, and while her husband is a steady man and in good employment, he has two faults. He is very mean and does not consider that she requires any pleasure. And he is insanely jealous.

This wife has a foster brother who is a year or two older than herself, but owing to her husband's attitude towards him, she had not seen him for many years until a few weeks ago when he called unexpectedly during the daytime and invited her to go with him to a matinée at the theatre. She went—and that was the first of many similar visits.

But last week came the thunderbolt. Her son of eleven calmly told his mother that he knew she had had a man with her in the house and that she had gone out with him.

When she asked where he had got his information he said that he had played truant from school and had followed her. Then he told her that if she did not give him a bicycle which he wanted, he would inform his father.

When the mother said that she could not afford to do this for him he calmly replied, "You can pay so much down and ten shillings a month for one."

"I am at my wits' end to know what to do," says this woman. "If my husband hears of it he will be in a state of maniacal fury, and because of his jealousy will listen to no explanation on my side. I am sure he would commence divorce proceedings against me, and sooner than face such a disgrace I would kill myself."

LET me relieve the mind of my correspondent on one point. She is afraid that her husband will commence divorce proceedings against her. He cannot do that. He has no evidence to support such a claim.

And besides, from what I am told, there has been no suggestion of immorality between this woman and her foster-brother. Her only fault is that she has deceived her husband in receiving this man unknown to him. Deception can seldom be excused, but this husband has contributed to it. It is only natural that these two who were brought up together as brother and sister should want to meet occasionally.

That husband has denied his wife every form of pleasure. Otherwise she might not have been so inclined to have accepted those invitations.

Her only course now is to tell her husband the whole story.

I say that for two reasons. First, that boy's demands must not only be refused, but he should be taught a sharp lesson. His father is the one to deal with him.

Second, it is possible that others besides her son have seen her out with her foster-brother, and will be only too ready to put the worst complexion on things. This woman should therefore protect herself by being the first to tell her husband. She can express her regret at deceiving him, and if he should cut up rough, she should point out quite firmly that the trouble has been caused by his jealousy and meanness.

If he is a wise man, he will accept the situation and give his wife no cause to act in this way again. That I hope will be the solution of the matter.

From a blackmailing lad of eleven, let us turn to a boy of fourteen who is causing trouble.

I am acting as housekeeper to a father and his son, the wife being dead (writes my correspondent). After I had been here a few months I became very ill, and my employer, instead of replacing me, showed me every possible kindness. Later on he told me that he had fallen in love with me and would like us to marry.

I could be very happy with him, *but* there is his boy. He is still at school, and yet the way he carries on is perfectly deplorable. He seldom comes in before half-past eleven at night, and then he will not go to bed.

One day I had a friend to see me, and this boy told her to get out. I feel very small, for he even orders me about and is as rude as he can be. People are constantly coming to the house with complaints, and yet his father never rebukes him. He seems to think he ought to be excused because he has lost his mother. But surely his mother would not desire him to be like he is.

Recently I had an excellent post offered to me abroad, and as I have no one else to advise me I am writing to you. I could be so happy married to his father if the boy were different.

There seems no doubt that this lad has been allowed to get out of hand. Probably the death of his mother has had a good deal to do with it. The father, because of that loss, naturally did not want to be hard with him. But he has allowed the pendulum to swing to the other extreme.

My correspondent should tell her employer frankly that marriage under such conditions would be making trouble for both of them. She should also tell him that if he really loves her he will deal with the situation.

He can do this in two ways. He can take steps to correct his son himself, and if that does not succeed, he should send him away to school for a year or two or find him work to do. Discipline would quickly bring him to heel.

It would be a pity for this woman to give up her life's happiness for the sake of this boy. Even an "excellent post abroad" would not be sufficient compensation. I hope, therefore, that she will soon be able to write and tell me that "the marriage has been arranged."

There is something pathetic about my next problem. A mother says:

I WAS one of a large family with a delicate mother and a hard-hearted father. My childhood was so unhappy that I felt if ever I had children of my own I would try to give them all that I had missed myself.

I have two children, and until lately I was very proud of them. I have endeavoured to be a good mother in every way, training their minds as well as their bodies, telling them the truth about life and pointing out their duty to others. I have never forced religion upon them but have brought it into our everyday life as naturally as possible.

For years we were most happy, but lately things seem to have gone wrong. They are now in their 'teens, and instead of being good comrades they are developing a habit of talking my husband and myself down, ridiculing our advice and making fun of our inferior education.

My husband and I talk longingly of the time when we are on our own and the children have made homes of their own. But surely this is all wrong? I wonder if you can suggest a cure?

One of my friends, who has been in rigorous training for a well-known sporting event, told me a little of his life. He had to be in bed by nine o'clock at night. He had to eat and drink sparingly. He was denied most of the so-called pleasures of life.

When I commiserated with him he laughed. "I don't mind," he said, "it's discipline that makes the athlete." And it is discipline that makes the man and the woman.

NOW the word discipline is very much misunderstood. It has the stamp of the barrack-room upon it. And no parent wants to treat his or her children as a sergeant-major drills his recruits. But the real meaning of discipline is "to train, to form the habit of obedience, to develop by instruction."

I commend this to my correspondent. The best way of combating the selfish and cynical attitude of her children is to assert her own rights. They must not be allowed to "rule the roast" or to do and say exactly as they like.

As long as they remain in the home they must show respect and obedience for those to whom the home belongs. Possibly their behaviour is just thoughtlessness on their part, and a little plain speaking will show them the error of their ways.

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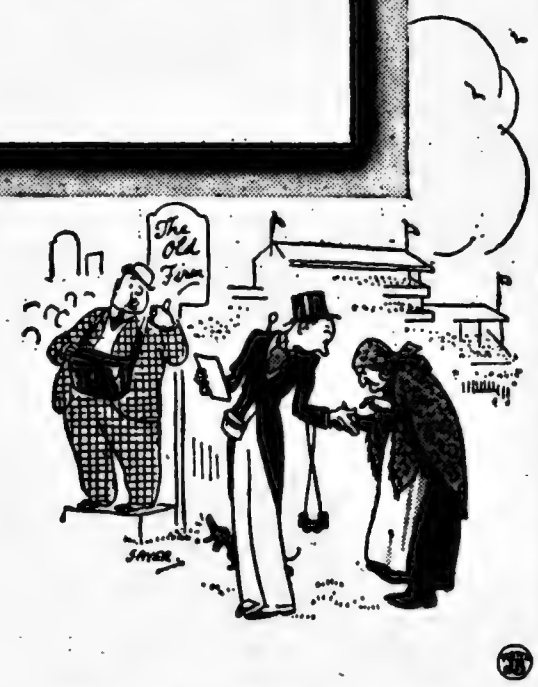

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PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

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appear at your best and keep comfortable, too.

"Van Heusen" Collars have the unique advantage of combining perfect fit with comfort and smartness. They have other virtues also—they are the ONLY collars in which the fabric is woven in one piece on the curve.

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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Mrs. Goodsort GETS A TREAT FOR THE TWINS

NEVER MIND, MRS. BROWN, I SUPPOSE BOYS WILL BE BOYS
BUT THEY'VE RUINED YOUR TOWELS, MRS. ROBERTS. SO LET ME WASH THEM. MY BOYS SHAN'T GO ON YOUR NEXT PICNIC UNLESS I GET THEM CLEAN.
(THINKS) EASIER SAID THAN DONE.
... SO WE CAN'T GO ON ANY MORE PICNICS, MRS. GOODSORT. MUMMY'S SCRUBBED AND SCRUBBED—AND CAN'T GET THOSE TOWELS CLEAN.
BUT SHE MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT RINSO! IT MAKES WHITE THINGS AS WHITE AS SNOW. I'LL SHOW HER!
THERE, MRS. BROWN! THE THICK RINSO LATHER SIMPLY ROLLS THE DIRT OUT. AND THERE ARE NO DESTRUCTIVE CHEMICALS IN RINSO, REMEMBER!
IT'S WONDERFUL! I'VE NEVER HAD TOWELS NEARLY SO CLEAN BEFORE. I'M GOING TO USE RINSO FOR EVERYTHING!
TWO DAYS LATER
WELL, YOU ARE CLEVER, MRS. BROWN. MY TOWELS ARE AS WHITE AS NEW. DO LET THE TWINS COME FOR ANOTHER OUTING TOMORROW!
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IMPORTANT TO WOMEN!

Doctors say that the "make-up" of a woman's system is so highly intricate and so sensitive that the shock caused by taking strong purgative medicines may do serious harm. Even though you do not notice it at the time, you may be laying up serious trouble for yourself later. Those internal troubles which often afflict a woman in her middle years and later life are undoubtedly in many cases due to taking harsh medicines.

Women!—treat the delicate mechanism of your body gently by taking 'California Syrup of Figs.' It is a safe fruit laxative. It never purges, never interferes with the natural bodily functions and there are no depressing, "washed-out" after-effects. It relieves the bowels naturally, giving a complete internal cleansing in a few hours.

'California Syrup of Figs' has a tonic effect on the liver and kidneys that makes you "feel good." 'California Syrup of Figs' is ideally suited to a woman's needs. Get a bottle today and take a spoonful the first time your bowels need help. You'll feel better altogether! Doctors and nurses everywhere recommend 'California Syrup of Figs,' because it is so gentle in its action. Always avoid strong purgatives and give your bowels *natural* aid.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists—1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. JB

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SO writes Mrs. B., Pembury. If you cannot enjoy a meal without suffering stomach pain, wind, distension, a feeling of weakness and low spirits—take 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

That there is no better remedy has been proved by the most recent medical research and X-Ray experiments. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is unique because it is the complete treatment for the relief of all acid-caused stomach troubles.

It neutralises the harmful acid which causes indigestion and stomach ulcers. It also spreads a protecting film over the stomach lining and thus allows digestion to proceed without aggravation until the cure is complete. Get a 1/3 bottle of 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA (powder or tablets) from your chemist. Take a dose in water after your next meal—you'll be amazed at the wonderful promptness and effectiveness of this proven remedy. JB

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A.G. rolls neater and better cigarettes more easily by hand or machine—it's crisper. Change to A.G. to-day. And try the automatic packet—it's really automatic. JB

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS *Now packed in 2 styles*

All the FUN OUT of the FAIR

SPARE a tear for the showman—victim of prosperity, and not of depression! . . .

For nearly four hundred years Cheam in Surrey has held a fair. Queen Elizabeth granted a charter for the fair to be held for twenty-four hours, from midnight to midnight in the middle of May, and Cheam has been known among the show folk as one of the best "tobers," or fair pitches, in the country.

Regularly every year for those four centuries, in war and peace, good times and bad times, they came to the same spot of meadowland allotted by the Charter.

In the beginning it was a market where the countryman could sell a horse or acquire a wife, and, after that business was over, could surrender himself to such yokel delights as cudgel playing, throwing at cocks, grinning through horse collars, and wrestling for coloured favours and trinkets to bestow upon his women folk.

Later, the market side dropped. Roundabouts, sideshows, cocoanut-shies and shooting galleries came in, but the fair went on.

To-day, however, the last patch of that ancient meadowland has been submerged under the housing development. The heart of it is now Park Road, a stretch of trim villas and neat gardens whose inhabitants catch the City trains every morning.

All the same, the showmen have stuck to their Charter, and the latest Cheam Fair has just been held along and around Park Road.

This time is likely to be the last.

THE inhabitants say that they have had enough of the fair, even though it is only from "midnight to midnight."

Enough of roundabout steam organs, the shouting of the sideshow "barkers," and "all the fun of the fair." Enough of all the noises of erecting and dismantling when they are resting after their City labours. Enough of dodging under tent ropes and around cocoanut nets to get to their own doorsteps after the day's work.

You can sympathise with them. They think the fair is a nuisance. But you can be sorry for the showmen also. They think the houses are a nuisance. And they rest on the Charter that Queen Elizabeth gave them, which still holds good in spite of the housebuilders' efforts of the nineteen twenties.

But Elizabeth has been a long time dead, and the showmen are almost bound to lose.

The next step apparently is to be an appeal by the Sutton and Cheam Borough Council for the cancellation of the Charter. Then the showmen can strike yet another place off the list of "tobers."

Plenty have gone in the last year or two—for the same reasons as Cheam's. Prosperity—the advancing tide of new houses breaking over villages and fields, the growth of industrial and road transport developments are driving them out of business. And with them is passing a lot of England's history.

Barnet Fair, which for hundreds of years has been one of the best-known horse and pleasure fairs in the country, has had three different sites in three years. This year it is being driven out of Barnet altogether by the growth of new houses, and expects to find a site at Totteridge. But the residents there object. They say the fair is noisy and will bring a rowdy atmosphere to the district.

The showmen will be lucky if they find a "tober" in the whole district this summer. And if they do it will most likely be for the last time.

A year ago Stourbridge Fair was abolished. It is mentioned in Milton's "Paradise Lost," and was over a thousand years old. The Crusaders knew of it, and throughout the Middle Ages everybody in the known world was familiar with the name of Stourbridge in England and its famous Fair. It was the origin of Cambridge and all its Universities. King John in the early thirteenth century gave its dues to the Friars of St. Mary Magdalene, who founded the first college.

Fewer and fewer opportunities to enjoy frolics like this will present themselves in the near future, as one by one the travelling showmen find their sites absorbed by municipal development plans

But the mercers, the goldsmiths, the pewterers, and all the other tradesmen's booths which produced those dues were succeeded by the roundabouts, the menageries, sideshows and cheapjack booths, and though the dues are probably and the fun certainly greater, Stourbridge last year had had enough.

Brentford Fair, held every year outside the magistrate's court, has been abolished, because the Council considered it "congested, insanitary and noisy."

Pinner Fair, held for the past six hundred years in May, "on the feast, vigil and morrow of the nativity of St. John the Baptist" (which falls on the Wednesday following Whit-Monday), is facing its doom. Harrow Council, which scrapped its own ancient fair a long time ago, has taken the Pinner area over.

AND although it is only held for one day, and although it provides all the fun of the fair for 20,000 visitors, the Council will listen to the strong body of new residents who object to the Fair being held in Pinner's main streets, to the closing of the shops, the diverting of traffic and the noise.

There are dozens more Fairs which are scheduled for extinction in the course of the next twelve months.

Those which remain will stay, not because of historical traditions or because they provide work for thousands and pleasure for ten thousands, but because they are a source of handsome profit to local authorities. Such are the Nottingham Goose Fair, the Marlborough Mop Fair, Bridgwater, and the Newcastle and Hull Fairs. Even though they block the centre of these towns or fill the streets in housing suburbs they pay the Councils well.

What is being lost as the fairs are wiped out? Not merely a link with an ancient and perhaps happier England, not only a source of harmless pleasure to multitudes of people, but a livelihood for many thousands.

The show business is a far bigger affair than most people think.

There are officially about 10,000 showmen in the country, each of them masters of their own businesses, and ranging from proprietors of mammoth circuses to the small man with a bell tent and a box of performing fleas. They are all employers of labour, even if it is all members of the family. Altogether, the strength of the business is about 50,000 people.

The total invested capital in show devices, plant and machinery runs into several million pounds. Almost every one of those 10,000 showmen possesses a motor with trailer attached for his show or living-van. And that represents a hefty sum in transport alone.

The average caravan costs anything from £100 up. Some of the "big" men—and there are plenty of them—spend £800 to £900 on these homes on wheels, replete with modern beds, stainless steel cooking stoves, chromium-plated fittings, radiograms, pianos, etc.

There are scenic railways on the road which have cost £20,000. A roundabout with galloping horses costs between £5,000 and £10,000 complete with steam organ and machinery.

A "Dodgem" set-up—those small cars with electric trolley poles which career about an arena in a series of bangs and crashes—costs from £2,000 to £3,000. Its twenty or so cars cost £75 each. A set of swings even costs about £250—£8 a boat for renewals.

BUT it seems that the industry is doomed. The final blow is contained in legislation which the L.C.C. is introducing.

Under this measure licences for fairs will only be issued if they comply with about ten strict regulations regarding noise, sanitation and interference with traffic. Fairs "must not disturb" householders, they must stay in one restricted area, and they must not interrupt traffic.

It is only a matter of a short time before the country authorities will follow the example of London, and then you can say good-bye to the fair. Even in the small country places local residents are winning injunction after injunction against showmen.

Poor showman! He often "lost on the swings"—but now it's on "the roundabouts" as well.

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Easy Payments: 5/- Monthly.

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Mr. G. D. of Dalmuir, writes:—"The S-3 Battery Set has been fitted up and running since Tuesday night, and I may say it is extraordinary wonderful at stations—Vienna, Brussels, Paris, London, etc.—all quite loud and clear. It is indeed a wonderful Set inasmuch as I only use a small inside Aerial and Earth."

Mr. V. S. of Dewsbury, writes:—"The Wireless Set, S-3 model is a splendid job of work only to be seen & heard to advertise itself."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

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You'll like them!

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C for Cider

DRINK Apples Today—drink Bulmer's Cider and feel fit! It takes 2½ lbs. of apples to make a flagon of Bulmer's. No wonder it tastes so delicious and does you so much good.

DRY or WOODPECKER *(Medium Sweet)*

10½D PER 5 GLASS FLAGON

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IN SCOTLAND **1/-**

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Mr. A. C. Smith,
40, Lime Ave., Huthwaite, Mansfield.

Don't suffer any longer from neglected Rupture or from an out-of-date truss. Do as Mr. Smith and 744,000 others have done. Do as 3,000 English doctors recommend. Find out how you can try out a Brooks for yourself FREE. Send for booklet RIGHT NOW and stop your Rupture worries for good!

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Our Letter Parliament

IT should not be necessary in our highly organised educational system for employers to have to assume the role of teachers in the elements of business routine, handwriting and spelling, as many are forced to do.

I should like to remove all useless subjects from the curriculum and substitute vocational training during the last years at school.

The nation is rightly alarmed at the increasing numbers of school-leavers who have scant prospects of obtaining employment. Until the Board of Education is prepared to give cognisance to the repeated criticisms of business men, many of these boys and girls will be virtually unemployable!

BUSINESS MAN, Liverpool.

Learn from Setbacks

"Take the hard knocks of life with a smile, get up on your feet, and tell yourself that you won't be floored by the same trouble again; in other words, appreciate the value of experience."

That is the big lesson I would teach at school. If only we had all, through our lives, learned something from reverses we suffered every day, we would be a happier and wiser people. The realisation that we can profit from each setback would make our lives run more smoothly.

It is the duty of us all to help our children to face life with a courageous smile, and the way to do it is to show them how to gain "experience" in their daily lives.

TUTOR, London, W.

Devotion to Liberty

The great lesson that the personal liberty enjoyed by every British subject under democratic rule is a possession to be treasured.

Since the dictators of the world have shown no hesitation in utilising their schools for the purpose of spreading propaganda, surely the free democracies, too, should adopt the same method in order to instil into their future citizens the advantages and privileges which accompany their present system of Government.

A nation thus impregnated with a devotion to liberty would not easily be persuaded to relinquish its freedom for the iron yoke of dictatorship.

DEMOCRAT, Gloucester.

Fatuous Idea

I am amazed at the number of boys who approach me for jobs in my office, yet turn down higher-paid posts in my works. A firm believer in higher educational standards, I am apprehensive as to the future of industrialism in this country if this attitude of aloofness towards "overall" jobs is persisted in.

British workmanship has a high reputation to uphold. Let teachers strive to remove that fatuous idea that soiled hands bring social inferiority, or that a skilled workman is only a skilled workman because he had not sufficient brains for an office.

T. L., Southampton.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Whitsun Racing

EVERYONE should be able to go racing at Whitsun. Meetings are scheduled at Hurst Park, Wolverhampton, Redcar, Buckfastleigh, Cardiff, Cartmel, Hethersett, Hexham, Huntingdon, Wetherby, Towcester and Wincanton.

Baldoyle and Waterford—Irish fixtures—bring the total up to fourteen. Racing certainly is part of our national life!

I trust by the time these notes appear that Pay Up will have obliged in the Derby and that it will not be necessary to find a "saver" for the holiday expenses.

Anyway, there is some sport at Kempton this week-end and at Hurst Park on Monday.

Chirgwin is the nap for the Limelight Handicap at Kempton and Confession Boy is the best for the Penrhyn Cup, Monday's feature.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, May 28, to Wednesday, June 3.

R 98 T F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M
W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KZ294U would read ALLEY.

My SCHOOL LESSON

Work in Harmony

Youth nowadays shows a shocking disrespect for the elderly. "This is age of Youth" has become a stupid parrot-cry, and young people have been boosted up until they believe they are the salt of the earth, the rest nowhere.

"Old-fashioned," "Kill-joy" and "Old Fogey" are flung with arrogance at those who have seen more of life, and who can often see a little farther.

I would teach youngsters to beware of this attitude and to realise that Youth and Age should not conflict, but work in harmony, each contributing his special ability for the benefit of the other.

N. D. S., Kendal.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, June 2.

Why I say—No Conscription!

Don't be a Cuckoo

I take my big lesson from Nature. The sparrow diligently builds its nest. The cunning cuckoo watches, and then at an opportune moment deposits its eggs in the nest. Later it throws out the young sparrows and monopolises the nest as its own.

Children, learn the art of self-help. Don't be a cuckoo; don't be one of the spongers who usurp other people's property, steal their ideas, monopolise the best places in life's arena.

The hanger-on may travel far, but he seldom arrives at a worth-while destination.

NATURE-LOVER, Notts.

Moderation

The big lesson I would try to drive home would be that of "moderation." In this speed-crazy, noisy world of false values and stupid exaggerations, the golden rule of moderation in all things is one the rising generation will find a sure guide in the fixing of real values; a stout staff of support in the bewildering merry-go-round of extremes.

After disarming to the point of danger, we are now rushing to the other extreme; we are putting no limit on armaments.

Our Sundays were once stupidly dull—now they are like Bank Holidays. Never was the lesson of moderation more needed.

T. W., Bedford.

Brotherhood

As an old salt who has a good knowledge of children in other lands, I would teach every child, rich or poor, in our schools to-day that the children in other countries are just the same as they are.

They laugh and joke, they get into mischief, they play games; in fact, they all lead the same young life.

Then, in years to come, men and women the world over would rightly regard each other as brothers and sisters. This would do away for ever talk of wars, the piling up of armaments, and the building of huge navies.

C. E. R., Portsmouth.

Not Boasting

The lesson I would teach is that true patriotism is not loud boasting that ours is the finest country in the world—but trying to make it so.

Not until there is a more generous appreciation of other nations' virtues, and less foolish boasting about our own, can we hope to foster that friendly understanding that will secure world peace.

Without undermining a healthy pride in our Empire, I would warn children of that challenging, aggressive attitude of "Britannia Rules the Waves" that other powerful nations quite naturally resent.

H. B., Sussex.

First Aid

I consider one of the biggest lessons that should be taught is First Aid.

Recently I was called to an accident and found that the unfortunate victim had bled to death while half a dozen stood helplessly watching. The application of a tourniquet would have saved the man's life.

Regular instruction in our schools in First Aid would prevent many such tragedies.

PRACTITIONER, Painswick.

Noble Art

For every boy I would strongly advocate a knowledge of self-defence. Boxing, if taught to lads by an efficient instructor, instils self-confidence in a way in which no other form of instruction can impart.

It does not encourage bullying; instead, it calls upon a lad to learn to take his own part in the battle of life and to bear defeat without feeling disgraced.

In short, a lad who learns boxing learns true sportsmanship; and to attain proficiency in the noble art a lad will think and live cleanly, and will take a pride in physical fitness.

WOOLWICH INFANT, Plumstead.

FERTILISE NOW—
and See Results IN 10 DAYS.

By feeding while you water with SANGRAL now, you will add vital Organic Nitrogen to your soil in six hours, and in ten days you will notice an amazing difference in the quality of your garden produce.

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Test Sangral in your garden this week by treating a portion of your garden. Mark out the area carefully and feed the rest of the bed with ANY other fertiliser. Leave for 10 DAYS and SEE the difference. More life, strength, and colour will be observed everywhere SANGRAL has touched. Send 6d. (in stamps) NOW and you'll be proud of your garden next week.

Write to LASCO, LTD., 165, Carruthers St., Liverpool

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Eightpence an ounce

IS ALL I PAY...

And believe me, a man couldn't wish for a better smoke than DIGGER. This fine blend of Empire tobaccos has made its mark with smokers who want REAL enjoyment for a moderate outlay. Take my tip and try DIGGER today.

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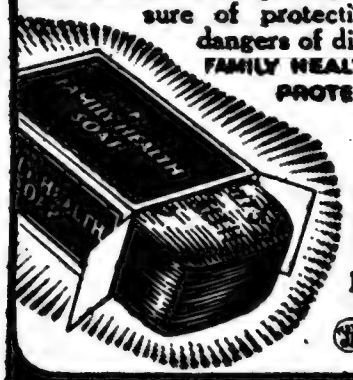
TO BE SAFE YOU MUST DO AWAY WITH ALL DIRT

Wherever there's a scrap of dirt, disease germs may be breeding and lying in wait to infect the tiniest open wound or to attack anyone in a low condition. Only when you have used a soap that takes dirt completely away can you be sure of protection against the dangers of dirt infection.



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"... your famous Health Soap. We (myself, wife and children) use no other soap but this, and undoubtedly the protection which the soap gives is the main factor."
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FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

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FILEY Smart 3-piece Summer style with Swagger Coat in printed check design Marocain, driven in plain Art. Silk Marocain. Coat has bold machine-stitched collar, turn back cuffs, three loop button fastening in front, and pleated full swing back. The dress is daintily trimmed with check material yoke and sleeves, with plain bow in front. Skirt is in hip-panel style, fitted with check material belt, and slide. Shades: Navy, Brown, and Black. Sizes: S.W. and W Busts 34 to 38in. Dress lengths: 46 to 50ins. 27/11

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4/- Monthly

Important! Don't overlook the Allinson Bread offer on p. 25

PILES

NEGLECTED, MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS OPERATION

Many people suffer in silence untold agonies, constant brain-wearying irritation and pain caused by piles, simply because they have never discussed this trouble with even such a confidant as their chemist. If you are a sufferer, make up your mind to ask your chemist about the wonderful preparation Man Zan. This clean, simple-to-use remedy is just marvellous in the quick way it stops the maddening irritation, allays inflammation and, persevered with, banishes the most serious form of this agonising trouble.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is no ordinary ointment, but a special preparation solely for those with pile trouble. It is prepared in a special nozzle applicator tube, making it simple and clean to use. Sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/-.

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Eat without Pain

no more Acidity—no more Flatulence

Perhaps you are even now suffering torture from your last meal. Why live in such misery? By the aid of 'Milk of Magnesia' you can enjoy and digest your very next meal in comfort. It sweetens a sour, acid stomach within five minutes. Stops acute gastric pain almost instantly. What is even better, it restores the natural activity of the gastric juice, thus easing the work of the stomach and aiding the return of full digestive power.

Doctors prefer 'Milk of Magnesia' for stomach troubles because it is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the human digestive system.

For convenience, many carry 'Milk of Magnesia' in the handy Tablet form. Each Tablet equal to one teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'.

A neat, flat tin for the waistcoat pocket or lady's bag 1/-; also in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use. Of all chemists. Take them after your next meal—it will mark the end of your indigestion.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS

"Milk of Magnesia" is the trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Huge Xword Holiday Prize!
Win this REGULAR INCOME AND THIS BIG CHEQUE
£30 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
£300
AND £30
HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY
£150 Increased Holiday Prize for Runners-up
EXTRA HOLIDAY BONUS £50 for Runners-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in one envelope
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award
TO BE DESPATCHED WED., JUNE 17
If preferred One Lump Sum of £800 will be paid in place of 3-in-1 Award

PRESENTED on this page is the twentieth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: —

The Editor of JOHN BULL;

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University; and

Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit., Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, June 18, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly *Crossword Gazette*, obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

2 BIG X-WORD WINNERS | SEE RESULT ON PAGE 37

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, June 5.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly *Crossword Gazette* or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 18. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 23, in accordance with the directions given with result, and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

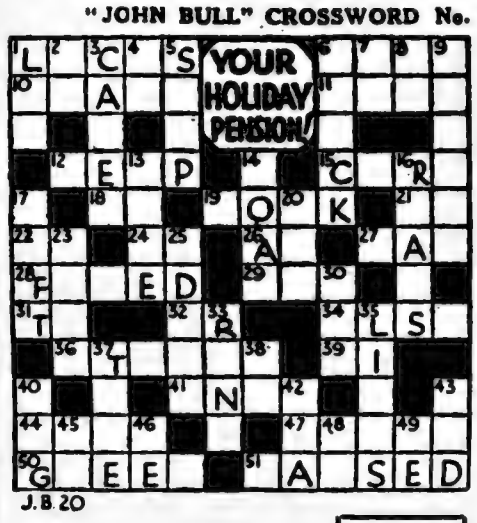
4.—Should First Prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

RECORD PENSION OFFER OF 1936 COMING!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 20. Closing FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1936



J.B.20

J.B.20

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

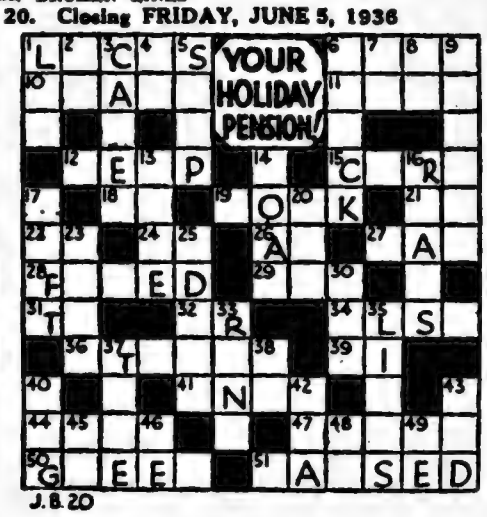
.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 20. Closing FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1936

J.B.20



J.B.20

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 20, "JOHN BULL," 67, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help. **FREE!**

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE

J.B.17

X-WORD No. 17

WINNERS ON PAGE 37.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 17 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up and forwarding the coupon given below.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Boots are fastened with these
6. Bad tenant gets notice to do so
10. Not apt
11. Advocate strongly in surgery
12. Runner sometimes lands beyond hurdle in one
15. One often has a kink somewhere
18. Snob without a negative
19. Many people have a shot at one
21. Remove consonants from vowels
22. Found in hiding and riddled
24. How lies begin
26. Indefinite article
27. Often driven by chauffeur
28. Old paintings are commonly this
29. Original number of nigger boys
31. Both ends of tray
32. Nervous speaker says this too often
34. In addition
36. Tension
39. Middle of engine
41. Word in Clue No. 18
44. Troubles ending thrills
47. Drama with music
50. May be responsible for schoolboy's cramming
51. Troops are always this, before taking part in tattoo

DOWN

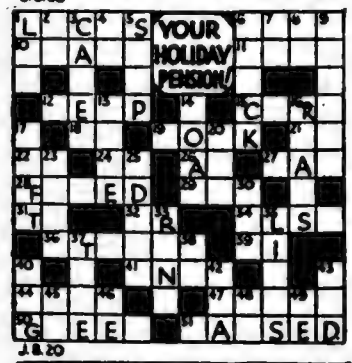
1. Highly coloured one attracts most attention
2. Article in pantry
3. Gloom increases as you go into them
4. End of step
5. First one after long train journey shows how stiff you are
6. You wouldn't call this person slow
7. Half hour in hurry
8. Starts ignorantly
9. This Answer isn't tough
13. Competent in stables
14. A good one won't let water in
16. Escaped lion does this and people are terrified
17. An occasional one is expected during courtship
20. This is one
23. June's are long ones
25. Writer seeks new ones
30. What wife does to Mr. Henpeck
33. You're often missed by inches in this
35. They're not considered much in wartime
37. Incomplete one is not much good
38. Negative answers here
40. May make K.C. feel hot and bothered
42. Snake worn round neck
43. Young men in rage make you feel this
45. Both ends of ladder
46. South East
48. Short for postscript
49. Beginning of recreation

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

COPY SQUARES

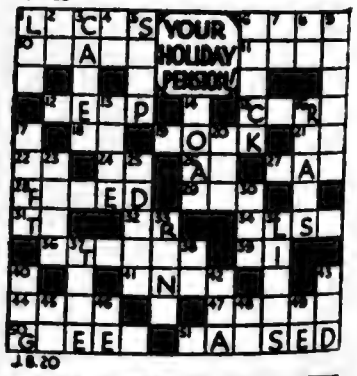
These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

J.B.20



J.B.20

J.B.20



J.B.20

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between shares' Newsagents.

The Editor Laughs Last

F. Y. (Bromley).—"More ventilation is needed in the greenhouse during the summer." It'll get it!

KNIGHT (Farnworth). — "Chess-players are very friendly folk." All looking for mates.

P. Y. (Truro).—"Is there anything that will tear a woman away from a drapery sale?" Yes, another drapery sale.

COMMERCIAL (Leith).—"People who kick salesmen out are now taking a back seat." They always did!

A. S. (Tiverton).—"Do you know what a shooting-box is?" Just the thing we want for our seeds!

HOUSEWIFE (Rye).—"My ideal home is a bungalow on wheels." An easy house to run.

GEORGE (Leeds).—"County cricket captains have many worries." Scores, in fact.

FRANK T. (Salisbury).—"Where do you think my neighbour advised me to keep my violin?" In its case.

ALLOTMENT (Burnley).—"My wife and I are very fond of a nice soft potato, so I grow a lot of them." They yield plenty?

MISS H. (Elstree).—"The film director said there was a fortune in my face." See letter below.

DIRECTOR (Elstree).—"She had a mouthful of gold teeth." See letter above.

N. M. (Frome).—"I have invented a tennis racket which is not affected in any way by the climate." For service at home and abroad?

GARDENER (Epping).—"Declare war on greenfly this year." Have no mercy on the little blighters.

F. A. J. (Sevenoaks).—"I knew what the game was when I saw a lot of furniture being placed in the pantechnicon." It conveyed quite a good deal, then.

INSTRUCTOR (Blackpool). — "It was several weeks before I decided to become a swimming instructor." But you finally took the plunge?

F. L. (Lancaster).—"The article stated that many a man has failed to get promotion through keeping late hours." Thus making it difficult to rise early.

B. S. (Canning Town).—"After a difficult two years my oil business is becoming easier to manage." It is naturally running smoothly.

A. D. F. (Kirkcudbright).—"When the battle against trade depression is won, what shall we expect employers to do?" Cease firing.

T. G. J. (Hampstead).—"When a wife finds out that her husband has been deceiving her, she should just carry on." Some of them do—dreadfully.

G. W. H. (Dorset).—"I am very stout and when I go bathing I am very conscious of my awkwardness." So must many others be.

S. R. (Kew).—"My boy is very dilatory and will not do anything unless there is someone behind to prompt him." He will do it at a pinch?

F. C. W. (Bigbury).—"The first time I was persuaded to go up in a lift, I was horribly nervous, but I managed to pass it off." You came up smiling?

S. T. (Eastbourne).—"With the waves swirling around my legs I felt really afraid for the first time in my life." You had cold feet?

J. V. K. (Hornsey).—"On the occasion of the firm's dinner my friend borrowed a dress suit which was too big, and he looked very much out of place." In other words, it wasn't fitting.

"Sorry, sir, but we're sold right out."

(From "The Passing Show")

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

YACHTSMAN (Dover).—"A sudden calm stopped my demonstration of sailing." It took the wind out of your sails.

N. D. (Woking).—"I may be heavily in debt, but it is not due to me at all." Of course not, it is owing to other people.

L. T. (Nottingham).—"Scientists have discovered that the speed of light isn't constant." But we've never known it to arrive behind schedule in the morning.

AIRMAN (Hounslow).—"I tied a small flag to the plane as a mascot when I went up for my solo test flight." And you passed, we hope, with flying colours.

MR. R. (Notts).—"It was unjust of my wife to give my barometer away just because it registered constant bad weather." That's not fair.

H. S. (Leeds).—"After a hard day at the factory, a thick steak means the world to me." But it's a hard world sometimes, isn't it?

T. H. G. (Oswestry).—"Our new concert party has bought a small motor-coach to get to our engagements easily." They should go far.

ETHEL F. (Wantage).—"Manicured toe-nails, tinted pink, will be seen on our beaches this year." This is carrying beauty treatment to extremes.

J. D. (Waltham).—"Because a man happened to be a nudist, an insurance company has refused to accept his proposal." That would be on account of his having no cover.

E. C. P. (Kennington).—"When I was a youngster I played truant one day from school to play in a cricket match, but I only scored one run and didn't take a wicket." You were out of form.

MARKET GARDENER (Drayton).—"When I found my four employees playing cards instead of bagging the potatoes I fired them on the spot and did the work myself." So you sacked the lot.

A. P. (Ripon).—"Is there any money to be made in tea?" Pots.

MAN-ABOUT-TOWN (Knightsbridge).—"Which is the most sought-after club?" The ace.

J. B. (Alvanley).—"I had three sons in a cross-country race." Runs in the family.

T. P. S. (Runcorn).—"Tying up hollyhocks gives me hours of work." Yes, it's a long job!

GLOVES (Northampton). — "The lightest weight boxers have to be extremely clever." Fly, in fact.

JACK T. (Durham).—"During the war we fought for dear life, and what have we got in return?" Dear life.

N. A. (Bow).—"Where am I likely to find some old-fashioned thatched roofs?" On the top of cottages.

J. D. (Northampton).—"Toeless slippers are now the latest craze." Our puppy put us in the fashion a long time ago.

SURVEYOR (Grimsby).—"Members of my profession are noted for their honesty." They are generally on the level?

ZOOLOGIST (London, W.). — "Alligators are very playful." Yes, they like nothing better than joining in a game of snap.

CIRCUS MANAGER (Tring). — "There is one thing a performing knife-thrower needs more than anything else." To be sure.

CASHIER (London, S.W.).—"Though my books have been regularly examined for years, I have never been a penny out." You are an honest man from all accounts.

N. C. M. (Oakham).—"I had the unfortunate experience of finding three or four small pieces of wood when I was eating my fish." Chips?

PATRIOT (Spalding).—"One thing about our Government, it stands for the Red, White and Blue." Red Tape, White Papers, Blue Books.

GOLFER (London, W.).—"There are different rules of etiquette in different golf clubs." But in effect they are all variations of grousing to the secretary.

S. L. (Penge).—"If you were an oil prospector and, after lots of hard work, you found you were a long way out of your reckoning, how would you feel?" Far from well.

C. O. (Hampstead).—"Can you recommend me something good to read for my holidays?" Yes—our telegram saying you have won the £500 and Holiday Fares Yearly for Life offered on page 39.

MRS. H. (Parkstone).—"When the errand-boy called with a parcel for my neighbour, who was out, I couldn't understand a word he said." So you didn't take it in.

FARMER (Dorset).—"One day, after rain, I took my young nephew from London over the farm, and although he got bogged in the mud, he kept going." He stuck to it?

INSPECTOR (Barnes).—"I have risen from bus conductor to my present position, but being ambitious, do not intend to remain at it for very long." You have many opportunities of getting on.

FAN (Kensington).—"I attended a boxing tournament and the big fight positively put me to sleep." You prefer to see one of the contestants sleeping instead?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

"ZOO" IS HERE!

"ZOO," Britain's great new pictorial monthly magazine dealing with every aspect of animal life, is here—the most remarkable thing of its kind in stories and pictures that you have ever seen.

The big No. 1 issue, now on sale, has 64 sparkling pages, with graphic all-revealing pictures, and stories and articles that will enthral old and young alike.

If you are the proud owner of a domestic pet, if you are a lover of the Zoo, if you revel in the secrets of wild animal life, then "Zoo" is the magazine for which you have been waiting.

It roams over the whole animal kingdom, from the cat to the canary in your own home, from the fog in his lair to the lion in his den. On every page there is movement and action. The pictures alone make "Zoo" well worth while.

Among the eminent contributors to "Zoo" are Professor Julian S. Huxley, S. L. Bensusan, L. R. Brightwell, F.Z.S., and Frances Pitt and many other experts. There are stories and articles in infinite variety.

Make sure of "Zoo" No. 1, before every copy is sold out—the children will want it, too. Sixpence everywhere.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

DEWSBURY REPORTER : — "Defendant would be fined £2 for driving without due care and attention, and 10s. for having the rear plate ILLUMINATED."

MANCHESTER DISTRICT ADVERTISER :— "—— is the son of the APPARITION of —— new church."

OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE :—". . . I mean those who listen with close attention to every word that falls from the SLIPS of the Chancellor of the Exchequer."

THE WESTERN GAZETTE :—"Try putting some water in the pan, then dropping a red-hot CIDER into it."

THE EVENING NEWS :—"The constable's voice resumed its HAT and became business-like."

THE NORTHERN SCOT AND MORAY AND NAIRN EXPRESS :—"She carried a bouquet of pink carnations and ASPARAGUS."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL :—". . . or ride upon the broad, pleasant back of a FARMHOUSE."

GOOD GRACIOUS!

JUST LOOK AT YOUR HAIR

...YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO USE

"ANZORA"

IT MASTERS THE HAIR

and keeps it tidy ALL DAY LONG!

ANZORA Viola for dry scalps, ANZORA Cream for greasy scalps. In bottles, 9d, 1/3 and 2/3. ANZORA Brilliantine, for a glossy dressing, in 1/- bottles.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS AND STORES.

THE GOLD MEDAL HAIR CREAM

ANZORA PERFUMERY Co., Ltd., LONDON, N.W.6

Two Share Big Cash Prize in Crossword No. 17

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 17, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 36) were those submitted by the following two competitors, who share the 750 Guineas offered as First Prize :—

W. H. Cox, 2, Essex Road, Leyton, E.
G. Gifford, 58, Devocet Avenue, Liverpool.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £393 15s. 0d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 2, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up and the Surprise Awards. The Runners-up Prize has been divided between 43 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £2 6s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. An additional £50 will be divided between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" received more than one sixpenny coupon in same envelope.

A New Surprise Award for each of 579 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted on May 27.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 16.—Ninety-seven competitors qualified to share the extra £50 offered and payments of 10s. 4d. have been despatched.

THERE'S NO CAKE SO GOOD as a homemade cake

Good for the children, more digestible, cheaper. Remember in home baking there is no surer way to success than this: Use plain flour, add the "raising" at the time of mixing and make sure the "raising" is Borwick's Baking Powder. Saves eggs and butter. Remember, good cooks use Borwick's

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Mysteries of the Harem unveiled

Secrets which made the Eastern women of the harem so ravishingly beautiful. Age-old beauty recipes as jealously guarded as the harem itself. These have now been revealed. We know that the oils of certain exotic plants were used to give these girls the clear bewitching skin for which they were famous. Oils which sink down into the pores of the skin and remove deep-seated impurities. Oils which make the skin as soft and smooth as velvet. These are all now known to modern science and contained in the new Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy). After a few applications all blackheads and enlarged pores disappear. In a week your skin is fresh, clear and three shades whiter; your complexion glowing with youth and beauty. Start using Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood to-day. If you are not delighted with results, your money refunded.

Large Jar is nearly 2½ TIMES THIS SIZE

CHARMING TWO-PIECE
YOURS FOR
1/6
WITH ORDER

RITA

Fashionable Two-piece, well-tailored in "Modern Times" floral print, three-quarter coat in plain art. marocain. Coat in Black, Navy, Brown, Lido, Green; with floral frock to tone.

In S.E.W., S.W., W.

Price 39/6

(Also in W.X.)

Please send "Rita," for which I enclose 2/3 (1/6 deposit and 9d. postage). I will pay the balance of price by fortnightly instalments of 3/-.
Deposit refunded if not satisfied.

Colour..... Bust.....

Hips..... Length.....

Send this coupon with full name and address and Postal Order to

Smartwear

243-271, Regent Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1

J.B.

Write for Men's Catalogue

Write for Ladies' Summer Catalogue

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

A COPY OF THIS *NEW* COOKERY BOOK IS YOURS—*FREE!*

A HUNDRED AND TWENTY "family recipes"—a standard reference book for all your favourite dishes, with the easiest and best way of doing them—is yours for the asking! Free! Every housewife and cook will find it extremely interesting and of continued value. Write, mentioning "John Bull," to the British Commercial Gas Association (Dept. 9), 28, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1, for your free copy—or fill in the Coupon in the announcement containing this offer on p. 23.

RESULTS! WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP SLOGAN COMPETITION

1st Prize £200 K. Hughes, 19, Carter Mount, Whitkirk, Near Leeds.

2nd Prize £100 Keith Fraser Chappell, 7, Belsize Park Gardens, London, N.W.3.

3rd Prize £50 James D. Forbes, 57, Church Street, Berwick-on-Tweed.

TEN £10 PRIZE-WINNERS

Mrs. G. S. Kimpton, 166, West Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex. N. K. Shaw, Painsthorpe Hall, Kirby Underdale, York. Frank Anthony O'Neil, 262, Moss Lane East, Moss Side, Manchester, 14. Mrs. Robina Ross, 435, Great Western Road, Aberdeen. Mrs. H. Forestal, "Rosebank," 9, Church Avenue, Meanwood, Leeds, 6. Mrs. W. E. Middleton, 1, Totnes Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. Miss W. M. Andrews, The Rowans, Dunstable, Beds. Ernest John Martin, 6, Grenville Place, Brighton, Sussex. D. M. Pryce, "The Cottage," Whixhall, Shropshire. W. P. Glaisher, 21, Westbrook Road, Blackheath, S.E.3.

THIRTY £2-10-0 PRIZE-WINNERS

Stanley Hodson, 240, Wakefield Road, Bailiffe Bridge, Near Brighouse. Mrs. Steel, 4, Ridley St., Gateshead-on-Tyne. G. Riley, 18, Littlehaven Lane, Horsham. C. Sanders, 21, Hallville Road, Liverpool, 18. Mrs. K. H. Millband, 7, Howe St., Derby. Miss E. K. George, Steeple Aston, Oxford. Mrs. A. Brewster, 8, Fletton Road, Bowes Park, N.11. Alec Aust, 39, Dryburgh Road, Putney, S.W.15. Miss M. Perry, 56, Aubrey Road, Bedminster, Bristol, 3. Mrs. L. Calvert, 73, Oglethorpe Road, Off Heathway, Dagenham. F. W. Gee, 16, Bannisters Road, Onslow Village, Guildford, Surrey. Miss Doreen Moorhouse, 5, Wooler Avenue, Leeds, 11. Mrs. L. Rosina, 11, Hardinge Road, Patna, Bihar, India. Miss Constance R. Hancox, 2, Chatham Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey. Mrs. E. Ball (Snr.), Compton Road, Cradley Heath, Staffs. Mr. R. Lee, 98, Duke Street, Southport, Lancs. R. G. Martin, 286, Stratford Road, Shirley, Birmingham. George Galbraith, Hope Park, Haddington, East Lothian. Frank Walker, 10, Long Stomps Avenue, Chelmsford, Essex. John McClellan, 98, Whitefield Road, Liverpool, 6. Mrs. R. E. Riddles, 78, Millthorpe Road, Horsham, Sussex. Mrs. D. M. Murray, 21, Burdett Road, Waterloo, Liverpool, 22. Miss Brading, King-Hill Infirmary, West Malling, Kent. Mrs. W. E. Gilbert, 58, Lion Road, Twickenham, Middlesex. Mrs. E. Winter, 61, Sunderland Street, Brandon Colliery, Co. Durham. Mrs. G. M. Trowbridge, 22, Wallace Road, Loughborough, Leics. Gwilym Williams, 22, Dyffryn Street, Mountain Ash, Glamorgan. Edward Alexander, 4, Lincoln Close, North Harrow, Mddx. Edwin English, 2, Pleasant Place, Carrington, Nottingham. Mr. R. H. Freeman, 13, Horston Road, Evington Lane, Leicester.

For Bargains—See pages 2 & 3 and "Small Ads. worth Watching" on p. 14

CARETAKER took care with his "Bullets" and WON £500

His chat with "John Bull" man

WHILST dancers are enjoying themselves at the Co-operative Hall, Prestwick, Ayrshire, the caretaker still is on duty. But he is also enjoying himself—thinking out *Bullets* in his spare moments.

His name is Mr. C. McKerrow, 90, Main Street, Prestwick. And to-day he is being congratulated by scores in the town, including himself. For now he has more than the Co-operative Society building to take care of—there is that little matter of £500 cash and a radiogram which was his First Prize in our 1,027th *Bullets* Competition.

* * *

"My job at these dances is in the background," Mr. McKerrow told me, writes a JOHN BULL man who called with congratulations. "I find that if I do my *Bullets* then, the time does not drag."

One might well have imagined that it was in some rural paradise that this young man thought out his neat double-meaning *Bullet*, SPEEDING—YOU DON'T "SEE NATURE." But he had nothing nearer to nature as inspiration than the strains of a dance band.

"I like working on one-word *Examples*," Mr. McKerrow explained, "so naturally I paused at 'Speeding.' Then I thought of the many speeding motorists who see nothing of our lovely Scotland, and that gave me my winning idea."

Once only had he previously sampled the solidity of JOHN BULL'S prize fund. That was when, some months ago, he secured a £1 reward for a *Bullet*. That seemed a lot at the time and now, even with £500 tucked away in the bank, a £1 note remains a £1 note to wise Mr. McKerrow.

He is planning the spending of his prize-money in the soundest possible way. A little is earmarked for necessities, a little for luxuries, some for a glorious holiday celebration of his success, and the bulk is to be carefully saved for the benefit of his youngsters, Margaret and her little sister.

A close study of the winning efforts, faith in the Competition and himself and regular use of the help given in *Bullets Bulletin*—these, I gathered, form the well-tried recipe for *Bullets* success which has made Mr. McKerrow a First Prize-winner.

"Only last week," he said, "I sent in a reservation form for a further supply of the *Bulletin*, as I know what a fish out of water I feel without it. I always read the 'Verdict of the Court' first, as it shows me clearly the obstacles to avoid. But every word in the *Bulletin* is of interest and help."

* * *

Blackpool is the choice of Mr. McKerrow for a holiday provided by his big *Bullets* cheque. Yours might be the same—or perhaps Scarborough, Skegness, Great Yarmouth, Southend, Margate, Brighton, Southsea, Torquay, Ilfracombe, Tenby, Aberystwyth or Llandudno would appeal to you more.

Wherever you long to go, that is where you *can* go if you can enter one of the best *Bullets* we receive for the huge list of Holiday Prizes offered on the opposite page.

TAKE THIS SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS

Besides Mr. McKerrow, the £500 winner whose story appears on this page, the Second Prize-winner in *Bullets* 1,027th Contest also paid a glowing tribute to the part played in his big success by *Bullets Bulletin*. This £50 winner is Mr. S. S. Parfitt, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.

"I started *Bullets* 15 years ago," were his words, "and gradually learned to improve my efforts. Nowadays, readers of *Bullets Bulletin* can learn in months what took me years."

The invaluable guidance of this bright little weekly can be at your disposal for the trifling cost of 1d. weekly.

To obtain a regular supply, complete the easy Reservation Coupon on the opposite page and send it to JOHN BULL with your *Bullets* for this week's fine Holiday Offer.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,028

First Prize £500, plus £5 Birthday Cheques as announced:

C. HENDRICK, 42, Prince Road, South Norwood, S.E.

Example: "TRUST ME!"
Bullet: BALDWIN'S *Other* FAMOUS "PIPE."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Birthday Cheques:

Mrs. A. STOKOE, 242a, Church Street, Blackpool.
Example: On Honeymoon
Bullet: Right Through, Right Two.

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Birthday Cheques:

A. J. MARRIOTT, 70, Lindsay Road, Worcester Park Surrey.
Example: Gasping For Breath
Bullet: League—"Gather Round" Her!

OTHER PRIZES:

£15: A. W. ASPINALL, 23, Kilmorie Road, Acock's Green, Birmingham.
Not For Her—World's Homage—"World's" Home.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£12 10s.: P. J. PENGELLY, Smithfield House, Allon, N.B.
In Shining Armour—Once "Barons," Now "Beef."

£10: A. HEAPS, 62, Exley Street, Liverpool.
Can't Eat—Millionaire—"Tit-bit" Navvy Enjoys.

£9 17s. 6d.: J. JACKSON, 88, Crownpoint Road, Glasgow.
Out Of It—Selassie "Limps"—Geneva "Crawls."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9 15s.: E. E. PEARSON, 51, Dunhill Road, Goole.
Fought And Won—Grandparents—Enjoying Their "Peace."

£9 12s. 6d.: Mrs. E. BRAITHWAITE, 4, Park View Road, Hillsborough, Sheffield.
Meaningless—Doing Unto *Some* Others——.

£9 10s.: W. N. LOUNT, 55, Romway Road, Leicester.
Hand Of Friendship—Extended, Remembering "The Teacher."

£9 7s. 6d.: H. EVA, 6, Headland Road, Newquay.
At Hitler's Door—Blame, Showing Blameless Door.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9 5s.: D. G. MATHERS, 2, Lime Avenue, Northampton.
Wisdom — "Tower" Life's "Battering" *Strengthens.*

£9 2s. 6d.: Miss J. ELDER, 1, Montgomery Street, Kirkcaldy.
Suits Father—To "T," "Tot."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£9: C. J. SMITH, 33, Clifford Street, Hornsea, E. Yorks.
Not For Her—Cabarets—Cubs To Raise.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8 17s. 6d.: N. ROUSE, 20, Lindale Road, Liverpool.
Can't Eat—Miles Safely—And Drink!

£8 15s.: G. A. GREEN, 4, Cecil Terrace, Stamford, Lincs.
Rumours—Tell Off Teller Of!

£8 12s. 6d.: W. BRADSHAW, 20, King Street, Eccleshill, Bradford.
In Shining Armour—*Lightning* Would Strike Pedestrian!

£8 10s.: J. A. DURHAM, The Perch, Mitcheldean, Glos.
He Remembered—Birthday—Forgiven Year's Neglect.

£8 7s. 6d.: E. M. BEILBY, 8, Hamilton Place, Leeds.
Why She Left—Litter—Overloaded With Bluebells!

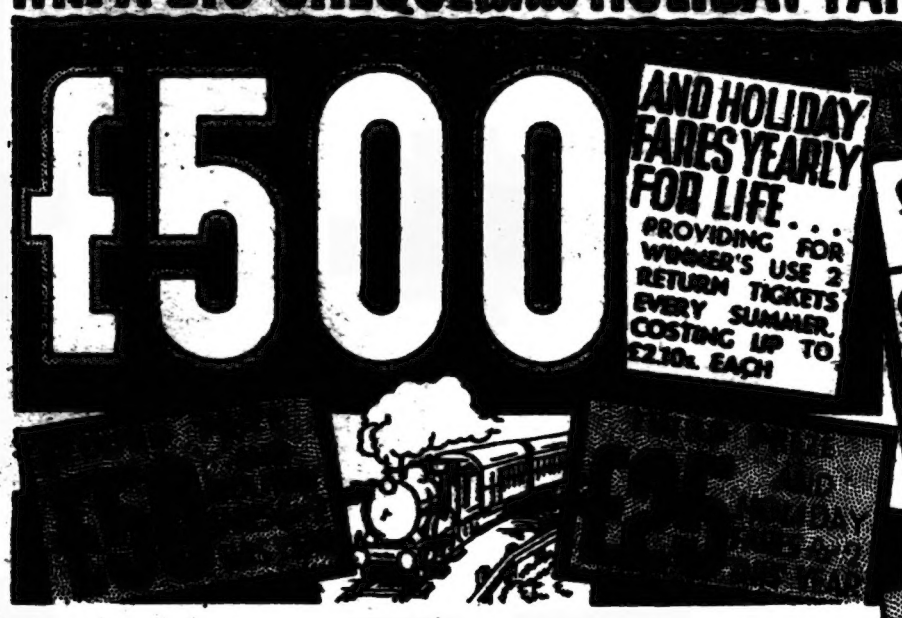
£8 5s.: T. GRAHAM, 28, Dovercourt Road, Sheffield.
Can't Eat — Grandpa — Fido's "Burying Teeth."

£8 2s. 6d.: L. A. HIGGS, Forest View, Keats Lane, Earl Shilton, Leics.
He Remembered — Manners — Grabbed For *Sister!*

£8: E. THOMAS, 36, Idwal Street, Neath, Glam.
At Hitler's Door—Canvasser Often Imagines Himself.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

A list of 556 other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

WIN A BIG CHEQUE and HOLIDAY FARES or a new



BULLETS' CASH plus RADIO HOLIDAY PRIZES

£10 AND HOLIDAY RADIO	£9.10s. AND HOLIDAY RADIO	£9 AND HOLIDAY RADIO
£8.10s. AND HOLIDAY RADIO	£8 AND HOLIDAY RADIO	£7.10s. AND HOLIDAY RADIO
£7 AND HOLIDAY RADIO	£6.10s. AND HOLIDAY RADIO	£6 AND HOLIDAY RADIO
£5.10s. AND HOLIDAY RADIO	10 HOLIDAY CHEQUES OF £5 EACH WITH RADIO	

£500 OF POCKET MONEY
4000 HOLIDAY MILES
STAR TARGETS
4000 STAR TARGETS
YOUR HOLIDAY RADIO
will be an efficient and handsome "Vidor" BB.18.6 Portable Radio—an instrument with which you can enjoy radio, not only at home, but at your friends' house, in the garden, on a picnic, or at the seaside this summer. Competitors preferring an A.C. All-mains instrument, price £11.11.0, can be allowed this in place of £2.2.0 off Holiday Cheque.

This week Only!

FORTUNE, BIG CHEQUES, HOLIDAY FARES AND RADIO!

SPEND an interesting half-hour making *Bullets* and one of the efforts you enter this week may well bring you a tremendous thrill on Friday, June 19—a golden Jay Wire with JOHN BULL's congratulations on winning the fine sum of £500.

Besides this splendid fortune, this week's First Prize-winner will also receive the privilege of Free Holiday Fares from JOHN BULL. Think how you could sweep all your worries away with that £500, travel in luxury with a companion to your chosen resort, enjoy a care-free holiday—and be welcomed home by a bank balance of several hundred pounds! Nor will your Free Fares privilege be confined to 1936: JOHN BULL will provide them every year for the rest of your life!

Free Holiday Fares for 1936 are also added to the big Second and Third Cash Prizes, and these fine 3-in-1 Holiday Awards are followed by an attractive array of more double prizes.

Each winner of the bumper supporting cheques will also receive a magnificent new Portable Radio. Though scarcely bigger than an attaché case, its tuning knob unlocks for you a wealth of radio entertainment wherever you take it.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

WHEN starting to make *Bullets*, read through the list of *Examples* provided and write down a few that strike you as particularly promising. Against each of these chosen *Examples* jot down all the rough ideas it suggests.

Now, each of your completed *Bullets* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*. Your next step, then, is to turn those crude jottings into sparkling *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, you were considering the *Example* LONELY BACHELOR. You might think of the fact that *Bachelors Pay More Income-tax Than Married Men*. This idea you could reduce to a neat comment thus: LONELY BACHELOR — BUT *Neville's* ALWAYS WAITING!

To help you further, study the winning efforts in Competition No. 1,026, the result of which appears on the previous page.

Then go ahead with your own *Bullets*, making sure that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, June 6.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 1,031

KING OF THE CASTLE
IN EXILE
LIFE PARTNERS
ON THE FRONTIER
NEW GERMANY
KEPT TOGETHER
BANKING
OVER THE WAY
LANDLADY'S PROBLEM
BONE TO PICK
ON PARADE
HER EYES BLAZED AND
LONELY BACHELOR
WARNING SONNY
MADE MOTHER SIGH
AN EDUCATION
"HALT!"
WHEN DANGER THREATENS
FATHER'S BET
GUARDED
ONLY ONE
TIME'S HAND
RAIN
CONDEMNED MAN
A POSER
AS AUNTIE THOUGHT
HE'S A FAILURE, SO
SENSELESS
HOW IT'S DONE
SMART SALESMAN
MADE GRANDPA TIRED
CURIOSITY
ON HIS CONSCIENCE
TURNED AWAY
HOMEWARD JOURNEY
BREAK IN THE CLOUDS

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEW

SERVICE FOR 'BULLETIN' READERS

Your *Bulletin* reservation, made on this coupon, brings not only 48 pages of help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, but a

FREE ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

for you each week.

YOU ARE INVITED TO

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,031) Closing SAT., June 6. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,031) Closing SAT., June 6. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullet" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,031) Closing SAT., June 6. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,031) Closing SAT., June 6. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £750 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,026 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. Cookson, Bridge Street, Swinton, Mexborough, and that for £501 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,027 in the window of Miss McLaren, 114, Main Street, Prestwick.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,031 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,031, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How can you keep Slim and Healthy

YOU can be healthy, happy and attractively slim; you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of life, if you follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the digestion, purify the blood and daily remove all food residue; thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So, if you want to look and feel your best at all times, remember to take Bile Beans regularly every night.

"I am glad to have at last found a sure way of slimming, and a safe one too, which does not injure my health. Bile Beans in a few months have reduced my weight by over thirty pounds. Friends tell me I now look years younger."—Mrs. M.A.L., Sittingbourne, Kent.

* * *

"I confidently recommend Bile Beans to all who have a tendency to put on weight. Bile Beans not only remove surplus fat in a perfectly safe manner, but they promote vitality and keep one fit and in splendid health."—Nurse F.K., Nottingham.

* * *

"I like nice gowns and frocks and was afraid I would soon have to be asking for outsize. But as a result of my nightly Bile Beans I have lost ten pounds in weight. My bust, hips, arms and ankles are all slimmer and I feel much better in health."—Mrs. F.W., Manchester.

BILE BEANS

MAKE YOU HAPPY, HEALTHY AND SLIM

210 B 21

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